THE CHILDREN of INDIA

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WRITTEN FOR

The Children of England

A HINDU GIRLS SCHOOL.

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WRITTEN FOR

The Children of England

ANNIE WESTLAND MARSTON
(BY ONE OF THEIR FRIENDS)

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Dera Ismael Khan
Sealkote
Dharmsala
Chenab R.
Amritsar
Rajpur
LAHORE
Sobraon
Ravi R.
Kote Gur.
SIMLA
Quetta
Dera Ghau Khan
Maloudh
Umbala
Siwalik
Landsur
Moultan
Bhatindah
Saharumpur
Plateau of Tibet
Sampu Valley
Sanpoo R.
Mountains
Shikarpur
Sakhar
Jacobabad
Thar or Indian Desert
Mirut
NainiTaloo
DELHI
Bareilly
Shahjehanpur
Khatmandu
Kanchinjinga 28,156
Everest 29,000
SIKKIM
Darjeeling
Karsiong
Alwa
Nattra
Secundra
AGRA
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LUCKNOW
Oudh
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CAWNPORE
Jaipur
AJMERE
Nusseerabad
Chambal R.
Maharajpur
GWALIOR
Jodpore
Luni R.
Beawur
Jamna R.
Jounpoor
Gorukhpur
Gogra R.
Pusa
Ghazipur
Haidarabad
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Betwa R.
Jhansi
ALLAHABAD
Sarnath
Benares
Monghur
Rajmahal
Miani
Kotah
Chittore
Chutterpore
Rewah
Mirzapore
Chunar
Arrah
Shahabad
Dinapore
Gaya Sontals
Bogra
Mt. Abu
Udaipur
Sonaghur
Sherghotty
Murshidabad
Nimach
Sanchi
Bhilsa
Mt. Parasnath
Pubna
Mahidpur
Bhopal
Vindhyan Mts.
Jabalpur
Ranigung
Pitsey
Patri
Ahmadabad
Ujjain
Barrakur
Krishnagur
Bankura
Barowan
Jessore
Gulf of Kutch
Dwarka
Kara
Mhow
Duttiah
Hoshungabad
Mundla
Chanderagore
Serampore
Barrackpore
Rajkot
Baroda
Khandwa
Barha
CALCUTTA
Hoogly R.
Mouths of the Ganges & Brahmaputra
Gulf of Cambay
Proach
Nagpur
Raipur
Sambalpur
Argaon
Varadah
Akola
Perchora
Patna
Bulsar
Damman
Ajanta
Nandyaon
Ellora
Doulatabad
Chanda
False Point
Mouths of the Mahanadi
Nassick
Aurangabad
Ahmednuggur
Mahoor
Bhundesur
Puri (Juggennath)
Jooner
Thanah
Jaipur
Ganjam
BOMBAY
Elephanta
Matteran
Narell
Karli
Jugdulpur
Berhampore
Dasgaum
Poladpore
Puna
Sattara
Gobalpore
Vizianagram
Vizagapatam
Rutnagerry
Bidar
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Secunderabad
Kolhapore
HAIDARABAD
Mulkar
Nulgunda
Pangal
Cocanada
Mouths of the Godavari
Ellore
Guntur
Masulipatam
Belgaum
Dharwar
Karnul
Adoni
Krishna R.
GOA (Pangim)
Hubli
Belary
Karwar
Chituldrog
Cuddapa
Nellor
Tirupetty
Coromandel Coast
BAY OF BENGAL
ARABIAN SEA
Malabar Coast
MYSORE
MADRAS
Lacadive Is.
Mangalore
BANGALORE
Arcot
Conjeveram
Seringapatam
Mahavalipore
Mysore
Pondicherry
Salem
Cuddalore
Coonoor
Chillambaram
Tranquebar
Coimbatore
Tanjore
Trichinapalli
Compaceum
Tricholy
COCHIN
Cottayam
Madura
Jafna
Pesalai
Quilon
Tuticorin
Adams Bridge
Kokelay
Trivanderum
Polimcotta
Tinnevelli
Andrapapara
Trincomalee
Calpentyn
CEYLON
Dambutlo
Batticaloa
Negombo
Matula
KANDY
Gampola
Pussilawa
COLOMBO
Adams Peak
Ratnapura
Galle
Matura
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BRITISH ISLES ON SAME SCALE.
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Belfast
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Dublin
Liverpool
Birmingham
Cork
LONDON
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MAP OF INDIA.

The Children of India.

WHAT IS IT ABOUT?

A LITTLE while ago I was sitting in a room where two ladies were talking together about books. One of them asked the other if she could tell her of a nice book for children about missions.

A long time passed before the answer was given. The lady did not like to say no; but after thinking a good while, she was obliged to say that she had never heard of such a book. Then they began to talk about other books, and I put away the thoughts that had been coming into my head about the children, in a safe corner of my mind, to keep for a little while till I could find some more to put with them. There were only three of them at first. Shall I tell you what they were?

(1) There are very few books for children about missions. (2) There ought to be more. (3) Somebody must write a new one.

But then people say, 'Three are no company;' so these three thoughts could not get on well together till I found number four, and number four came very soon after. Why should not you be the somebody? The four managed to get on without any quarrels, as soon as I promised I would be the somebody. Then I had to find a great many more thoughts to go with these four.

The first was that the book should be all about missions and

children—all sorts of missions and all sorts of children; but then, before very long, I found out that if I had to write a book about so many places, and so many people, there would have to be so many thoughts that I could never find room for them all in my head, which is not a very big one, and that even if I could, you would never find room for them in yours. So I thought that perhaps you would like it better if I were to write about only one set of missions, and one set of children.

Then, as the book is for little people, it must be a little book, full of little chapters, made up of little words, so that you will never have to say, 'Please, mamma, what does this word mean?' The only things that I hope will not be little, are the things that you will do when you have read to the end.

Another of my thoughts (I wonder whether you will like it!) was that this book must not be a story book. When I was a little girl, and used to read many stories, I remember, if the story was a very nice one, it used to make me so sorry to think it was not true; and if it was a sad story, then I was glad it was not true, and forgot it as soon as I could. Now some of the things in this book are going to be very sad, and some very nice; but everything is going to be true, because I do not want you to forget any of it, nor to think it does not much matter. It is going to be about things that do matter very much, and the sad things will nearly all be things that you can help to make less sad, even if you are only tiny boys and girls.

You will find very few stories, and I will tell you why. I want you not only to read and remember it all, but to think about it all. I remember something else about myself when I was a little girl. If ever I had a book that was partly stories and partly not, I used to pick out the stories and skip all the rest. Now I do not want you to skip any of this book, and so I am going to put in so few stories, that if you skip all that is not story, you will have to skip very nearly all the book. But I hope that when you get to the end, you will say it has been as interesting as a story.

PART I.

THEIR SURROUNDINGS.

CHAPTER I.

THEIR COUNTRY.

TO begin with, India is a very large country. I expect you think England is very big, and that it would take a very long time to go all over it; but England is quite a tiny place compared with India. If you were to divide India into eighteen pieces, each piece by itself would be bigger than England, Wales, and Scotland all put together. Yet very nearly all this great country belongs to England, and is ruled over by our own Queen; and that is one reason why English children ought to know all about it, and about the people who live there.

You will have learned all about the mountains, and rivers, and capes, and bays, and gulfs in the geography, I expect, or if you have not, you will very soon; at any rate, if you look there, you will find them all, so I will not tell you about them here.

There is one large river, which you had better find in the map before you go any further, because you will read a great deal about it in this book; I mean the Ganges, which the Hindus think a great deal of. They say it came from the sweat of one of their gods, named Siva, of whom you will read more by and by. The reason

the Ganges came to be worshipped is that it makes all the country fertile through which it flows; therefore the river itself, and all the towns built on the banks of it, are considered very holy. I will only tell you the names of some of the towns now: Benares, the most sacred of all; Allahabad, Juggennath, Muthra, and Hurdwar. A great many pilgrims are constantly going to these places. The water from the river Ganges is taken to all parts of India, and used to purify people who have been defiled; it is also sprinkled on the bride and bride-groom at a wedding, and on the dead. The goddess who is now said to live in the Ganges is not supposed to have been always there, but to have come from another river. The Brahmins say that, most likely, before very long she will move again to another place, and then Benares will no longer be so sacred.

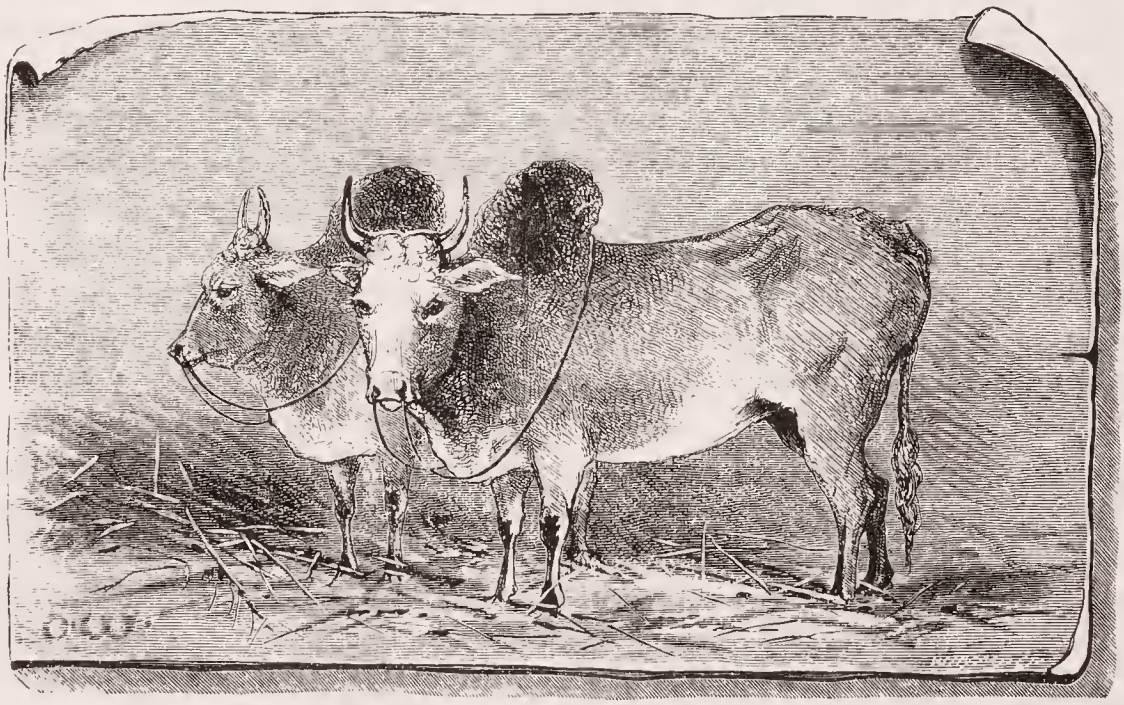
Of course, as the country is so large, there are very different people in different parts, speaking a great many different languages, and having different customs; even when the same language is spoken, there are such varied ways of speaking it (dialects we call them), that the people cannot understand each other, so that it takes the missionary a long time to learn to preach to the Hindus; sometimes even in the same town there are two or three different languages spoken.

The Hindu towns are, in many ways, unlike English ones. In the large towns, especially Calcutta, there are a great many English people, who live in houses like those we have in England, and dress as we do at home. But the houses that the Indian people live in are so different that it will take a whole chapter to tell you all about them. In every large town there are many temples for idol-worship. Some of them are very grandly carved and ornamented. In the North-West they are not so ornamental as in other parts.

Then their carriages are very different too; and instead of shops, they buy all their things at bazaars—not what we mean by bazaars in England; but a place like a market, sometimes open and sometimes covered, where people go to buy whatever they want, and merchants

meet each other and talk about their business, so that a bazaar is a very noisy, busy place. Very often missionaries go there to preach, because if the people will not come to them, they must go to the people; and in the bazaar there are always large crowds, and some are sure to listen.

There are many animals in India that you never see in this country, unless you go to a wild beast show. On the mountains in the north of



THE SACRED COW OF THE HINDUS.

India there are wild donkeys and mules, and tiny wild horses only thirty inches high. There are bears, and wolves, and boars, jackals and hyenas, tigers and crocodiles, leopards and panthers, but no lions, except a few in Gujarat. The Bengal tiger is a very fierce creature; it can spring a long way at a time, and so it can easily catch other animals and tear them to pieces. There are many crocodiles in the Ganges. Years ago, before India belonged to England, mothers and

fathers used to take their little children and throw them into the river to please the gods, and then the crocodiles used to eat them; but now the people are not allowed to do such things.

Many of the animals in India are looked upon as sacred. Oxen and cows are worshipped as if they were gods, especially the humped cow, which is said to be so holy that its touch will take away all sin. Of course, if cows are so holy, nobody must eat them, though the Hindus believe that if a man dies in Benares, he will go to heaven even if he has eaten beef. Monkeys are sacred animals, too; in some places there are temples full of them, where people go to worship.

In the streets of all Indian towns are found quantities of cranes; they are very useful birds, for they keep the streets clean by eating all the rubbish that can possibly be eaten, so they do the work of scavengers. Crows are thought a great deal of, too, and no wonder, for inside them are supposed to live the souls of Hindu men and women who have died; so if a man shot a crow, he might be shooting his mother, for anything he knew. They are allowed to fly in and out of the houses just as they like, and to help themselves to anything they want. Once a year the crows have a great feast, called 'Ancestors' dinner,' when the people pray to their dead relatives to come and eat the good things they have got ready for them.

There are a great many snakes and serpents in India, too, as there generally are in very hot countries, and many of them are so poisonous that one bite will kill a man. One of them has a very long name, which, put into English, is the 'eight-step serpent,' because if one of them bites a man, he will not be able to walk eight steps before he falls down dead.

The snakes creep about everywhere—into the ovens, into boxes, and baskets, and chests, under the pillows, between the sheets, wherever they can find a corner, so people have to look out for them very sharply; they are all sorts of sizes, from a few inches to twenty feet in length. Some of the Indians worship them because they are so afraid of them.

I must not forget to tell you about the weather, because it makes such a difference to the missionaries. The year is divided into three seasons. (1) The hot season, which begins in March and lasts till June. (2) The rainy season, from June to September. (3) The temperate season, from September to February. It is only this last season that is at all healthy for people who have been used to live in Europe. In the hot weather it is so hot that English people cannot do anything, except very early in the morning, and quite late in the evening. They very often have the fever, so that there are few English gentlemen and ladies who do not get ill if they stay in India many years.

There are a great many insects, as there generally are in hot countries; the worst of all are the mosquitoes, which sting so dreadfully that it is very difficult to go to sleep at night. The natives smear themselves all over with oil to keep them off, and the English people have a particular kind of curtains to their bed, which they draw tight all round, in hopes of keeping them out; but they generally manage to get in somehow.

Another thing the English people have in their rooms in the hot weather is a very large fan, called a punkah. It is a light frame of wood covered with calico, with a short curtain fastened to it; the frame is hung from the ceiling by ropes, another rope is passed through the wall to a servant outside, who pulls it backwards and forwards, and so makes a little air in the room. They keep on doing this all day and all night. I believe some of the men are so clever, that they can go to sleep and yet not stop pulling; but sometimes they do stop, and then, even if the English people are asleep, they feel the heat directly, and wake up; so you can fancy how hot it must be.

Of course English people cannot go out of doors in the hot part of the day. All that long time from March to June there is never a cloud to be seen in the sky, nothing but scorching sunshine; and even when the rain does come, it is very unhealthy for Europeans, so that often a missionary who has been at work in India, teaching the

people and preaching to them, begins to feel very ill, and, in hopes of getting better, goes up to a house in the mountains, where it is not so hot; then, perhaps, he gets a little better; but when he gets back to the plains he is ill again, and then the doctor tells him he must not stay in India any longer, he must come home; so he comes back to England. Sometimes, after he has been in England a little while, he feels so much better that he is able to go back to India; but very often the climate has done him so much harm that he is obliged to stay at home always, and sometimes he does not get better even at home. So you see how much a missionary must love Jesus, to be ready to go and live in India and teach the people, even if he knows it may kill him. That is like Jesus Himself, is it not? He wanted so much to save us, that He came to live in a strange country, and to die for our sakes. Do you remember who it was that said, 'I am ready to die for the name of the Lord Jesus'? It was a missionary; but not in India. Find out where the words come from, and who said them, and put it in here ( ).

CHAPTER II.

THEIR HOMES.

NDIAN houses are not a bit like those you live in. In England, when a man marries, he goes away from his father's house, and gets a house of his own, and he and his wife live in that. But in India the sons live with their fathers, even after they are married. Sometimes a son is obliged to leave home because he gets work in another place, and sometimes one of the sons quarrels with the others, and then he goes away and starts a house of his own. The wives often persuade their husbands to leave the father's house, if they do not get on well with the other ladies.

I will tell you all about a rich man's house in India; of course, the poor people do not have such large ones. Instead of being built to face the road, like our houses, or with a garden in front, there is a large square court in the middle, and the house is built all round it, with the windows looking into the court, so that the part facing the street is only bare wall. Round three sides of the house there are two verandahs—an upper and a lower, with a great many rooms opening on to them. The lower rooms are used for storehouses, coach-houses, and places of that kind, and for the men-servants, of whom there are a great many.

The upper rooms are for the gentlemen. If you went into the up-stairs rooms, where the gentlemen live, you would find them very nicely furnished, but very dusty. Hindu rooms are always dusty

and full of cobwebs, for the Hindus think it is very lucky to have plenty of spiders, and that it is a great sin to disturb them; so the spiders have fine times, and make themselves quite at home everywhere, without any fear of being disturbed.

But although you would find plenty of gentlemen and plenty of spiders, all enjoying themselves very much, and little boys and big boys and little girls running about playing and laughing, there is something you would not find if you went into every room up-stairs and down-stairs. You would not be able to find one lady or one big girl; you would begin to think that little girls always die in India, and never grow up at all—at least, rich little girls, for you would have passed plenty of poor women and girls in the street, but no rich ones. Why, whatever has become of them all?

I expect, if you were there, you would go to one of the servants and say, 'Please, I have seen the gentlemen, and the big boys, and the little boys, and the tiny girls; now mayn't I see the ladies and the big girls?' Now I cannot tell exactly what the servant would say to you. If you are a little boy, he would say something like this: 'Oh dear no! no men or boys are ever allowed to see an Indian lady, unless she is their mother or their sister, or some very near relative;' and, however much you coaxed, you would never be allowed to have even one little peep at the ladies.

But suppose you are a little girl, and had your mamma with you, then perhaps the master of the house would, as a great favour, let you see his ladies. He would not be able to take you himself, for if he did, the ladies would hear the sound of his feet on the stairs, and they would be so frightened at the very idea of a man looking at them, that they would all run away as fast as ever they could, and hide in their bedrooms to get out of his way. So the gentleman would either have to tell you how to find your own way, or he would have to send a poor woman to show you. Then you would go to the fourth side of the court, for you remember you have only been told about three sides yet.

On this fourth side you first come to a large room with the roof raised into a dome; that is the temple or gods' house for the family, which is generally full of pictures and images of gods, and plenty of chandeliers. This is the place where all the worship is carried on. Praying and giving presents to the gods is called in India doing *pujah*—you will often come to that word again, so remember what it means.

On one side of the temple there are more verandahs, and if you look up to the top one you will see that part of it is separated from the rest, and that it has a screen of cane-work in front of it, so that the people who sit there cannot be seen by the people in the other parts of the temple. Look again, and you will see that there are no chandeliers there, so that whoever is behind that screen must be quite in the dark; of course they can see into the light, but nobody in the temple could see them even through the cane-work, because it would not be light enough. You will guess before very long what this place is for, so I will not stay to tell you now, but will let you go on a little farther, and see what else you can find.

This dark part of the verandah opens into a passage; go along that, and you will come to another square building with a court in the middle, something like the one you saw when you first came to the house, only not so large and not so nice. Look into the lower rooms first; you will see they are full of pots and pans; and if you look all about, I expect you will find some vegetables and some curry, and plenty of rice and sweets; you will soon guess that this is the kitchen, and so it is. You will be sure to find some servants there, and very likely a grand lady cooking the dinner, for all the Hindu ladies know how to cook.

But we won't stay in the kitchen to-day; we shall find out some more about the cooking by and by. We want to get up-stairs now, and after looking about for some time, we find a little narrow staircase—quite dark. We climb up, and find ourselves on another verandah, with a few doors and little windows with bars to them, too

high up for you to see out, opening into it; and now at last we have got at the women and girls, hidden away up here altogether, where they can see nobody, and nobody can see them; out of sight, and, generally, out of mind.

They may laugh or cry, quarrel or kiss, eat and sleep and talk, be well or ill, and sometimes even die, without anybody caring very much; and whatever happens in the world, or in the town, or in the street, or in the gentlemen's part of the house, they know nothing about it. There they are, shut away by themselves all the year round, from the time they are born, or a few years after, to the time they die. You will find out a great deal more about them, which will make you more and more glad you are not an Indian child, and your mother is not an Indian lady.

But it was not the ladies we came to see so much as the place they live in—so we had better take another look around. You will have guessed by this time that the dark gallery in the temple is where the ladies go to do their *pujah.*

You will find no nice furniture in the ladies' rooms, like what you saw in the gentlemen's; no tables or chairs or sofas; no pictures except of dreadful gods and goddesses painted on the walls themselves, and no books. Perhaps you will find a bedstead with a mat on it, and there may even be two or three hard pillows; but most likely not. There will be a box in one corner for the ladies' clothes, and a brass cup for them to drink out of, and generally that is all. Not quite, though, for running about under the bedstead, on the box, anywhere, you will find hens and chickens and dogs, who live there with the ladies. So you may imagine how dirty everything is; and, remember, this is not a poor man's house, but a rich man's, and these ladies, living in this dirty, close, bad-smelling place, are the wives and children of the richest men in India. The rooms where they live form what is called a zenana. So now you know what people mean when they talk about zenana missions.

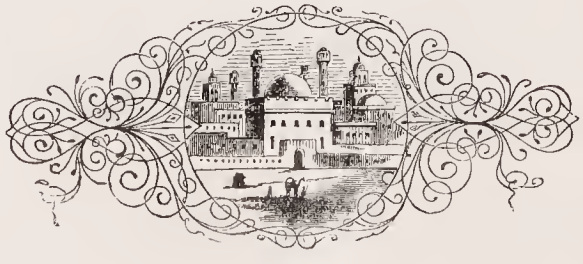
Now we must go down into the court again; but we have not

quite finished yet; we shall find another passage down there, leading out of the court, right under the house, to a piece of ground with a high wall all round it, and in the middle there will be a pond; the water in it comes from a spring, which stops running in the very hot dry weather, and then the pond gets green and muddy, and stays like that till the rain begins; this is all the Hindu ladies know of a garden. In a very few of these courts there are two or three trees by the side of the pond; but there are some ladies in India, even old ones, who never saw a tree in their lives.

The pond is the ladies' bath; they go to it every day, for, though their rooms are so untidy, Indian women themselves are very clean; it is one of the laws of their religion that they must bathe every day. The very particular ones do it twice every day, and change their clothes twice, too, or else they are not thought clean enough to do anything for their husbands.

Some Hindu ladies have to begin this shut-up life when they are six years old; but in some parts they are not quite so strict, and do not shut them up till they are married. Their relatives are beginning now to let them go out more and mix with other people when they get quite old.

The poor people's houses are very small and dirty, and the people who live in them are very dirty, too, and yet all of them have quantities of jewels that they wear when they want to look very fine. If you met a poor Hindu woman out of doors on a feast day, you would think at first she was a rich lady, and would never suppose she lived in a hut.



CHAPTER III.

THEIR RELIGION.

THINK I must tell you about this next, as all the rest of the book would be very hard to understand if you did not know about their religion. It makes all the difference to a nation what god they worship, and especially in India, where the religion of the people shows itself in everything—in the way the houses are built, the kind of food they eat, the clothes they wear, almost everything they do all day and every day. If you went into a house in India, you would find out, almost as soon as you got there, what was the religion of the people that lived in it, even if they did not tell you.

I think those of us who have really given ourselves to Jesus may learn something from this. People ought to be able to see *our* religion, too, and to know that we love Jesus even before we tell them, by seeing that we are always trying to please Him, and giving up all the things that we know He does not like; so if you are one of God's little boys or girls, ask Him to make you at least as true to Him as the people in India are to their false gods, so that those who know you may very soon find out that you are serving God.

As India is such a very big country, you will not be surprised to hear that there are a great many different religions; if I told you all about all of them, you would be quite tired, and my book

would be much too big; so I will tell you now about the one that most of the people belong to, and afterwards a little about the others.

The Hindu religion is followed by one hundred and eighty-seven millions of the people in India—that is, more than eight times as many people as there are in all England. The most wonderful thing of all is the number of gods the Hindus believe in; you would never guess how many—three hundred and thirty millions; so that there are more gods than there are people, and no man could possibly worship them all, or even learn their names; why, if a little boy were to make up his mind to worship a different god every day, it would take him more than nine hundred thousand years to get to the end! The three chief gods are Brahma, the creator (from whom the priests get their names, for they are called Brahmins); Vishnu, the preserver; and Siva, the destroyer. There are many goddesses too; those you will hear most of in this book are Kali, Durjah, Juggennath, and Saraswati. To make up for having so very many gods to worship, the Hindus say that there were not after all really so many, but that they have all, or nearly all, taken a great many forms; so they tell you that Durjah and Kali were really the same goddess, only once she came to the world as Kali and once as Durjah.

You will be surprised to hear that none of the gods or goddesses are even supposed to have been good, but all very, very wicked indeed. They often quarrel amongst themselves, so the way to please one god is to offend another. The people worship them, not because they love them, and want them to do them good, but because they hate them, and want to persuade them not to do them harm. In the South of India the people are not ashamed to confess that they worship devils.

As nobody can live long enough to worship all the gods, each Hindu chooses those he likes best. In almost every house there is one special favourite among the gods; a little image is made of it, generally stone or metal, and every morning and evening it is

worshipped; a priest comes to the house to pray to it, and gets for

DOING PUJAH TO TOOLS.

a present all the sacrifices that have been offered to the god—rice, sweets, fruit, money, and all sorts of other good things.

At the festival of Sauri, every workman does *pujah* to his tools, praying to them, and offering sacrifices of incense, flowers, fruit, and rice ; the women do the same to their pots and pans.

Siva is worshipped by every woman in India if she belongs to the Hindu religion. The images of Siva are quite little things, only three inches high, sometimes only a plain black stone. When a woman wants to worship him, she sits down before the image, sprinkles it with Ganges water, gives it flowers, sweets, and nuts, and with every gift says a particular prayer; if she makes one mistake, even if she does not move just right, all her worship is no good, and she must begin over again.

In the bazaars there are a great many idol shops, where the people can buy gods of any shape or kind or size they like. If you paid a visit to one of these shops, you would find in one corner a pile of arms, in another a heap of legs, and somewhere else some bodies without either arms or legs, and you would hear a great noise of hammering in one part of the shop, where all the limbs were being fastened on to the body. Almost anything can be made into a god by putting a little patch of red paint on it ; but not even an idol is thought sacred until the priest has blessed it, and put the god inside it ; sometimes this is done by washing it in Ganges water.

An English gentleman once watched a man buying an idol. In the back of it there was a little door, which, when it was opened, showed a small cupboard. The man bought it and took it to a priest, and the gentleman went after him to see what happened. The priest took it in his hand, opened the door, said a prayer, and then gave it back to the man, saying, 'There, it is all right now ; I saw the god go in.' Another gentleman once bought an idol for three farthings, before it was consecrated ; afterwards it would cost a great deal more.

In some parts of the North of India the gods are treated just as if they were alive. They are washed, and fanned if it is hot, and get feasts given to them, and some people even act plays to amuse them.

In some places the gods are married to the goddesses once a year. There is one god whose worshippers carry him, in the form of a little stone pebble in a silver box, fastened by a chain round their necks. Sometimes they are supposed to be sick, and then they are shut up

A HINDU IDOL SHOP.

and nursed. I have read of one family who were afraid that the god they kept in their house would tell tales of them in heaven, and repeat all the naughty things they said and did, so they promised to give it all sorts of beautiful presents if it would not tell, and once

even gave it some very sticky food, thinking that its lips would stick together, and then it would not be able to tell, even if it wanted to.

Another thing that the Hindus believe in is transmigration of souls—that is, when any one dies, the soul goes out of the dead body into another body, sometimes into the body of another man or woman, but generally into an animal. If people are very good, they will go into a nice animal—a cow or a sheep, or something of that kind; but if they are wicked, they go into such creatures as mice, or rats, or flies; and this does not happen only once, but again and again, till the soul has done more good things than wicked ones. This is why the Hindus will not eat meat; they are afraid of turning out the souls of their friends into a worse animal. The soul has to pass out of one body into another, no less than eight million four hundred thousand times, before it is thought to be quite free from sin.

Another thing that helps to make the Hindus wicked is their belief in fate. They say that before a man is born everything that he is going to say or do has been decided for him, and that he must do it whether he likes or not. If they are tempted to do wrong, they do it at once, and say they could not help it—it was their fate; but for all the wrong things they do or say they expect to be punished when their souls have gone into other bodies. Of course, a man who believes this will never be sorry for having been wicked, because he thinks the fault was not in him, but in his fate. How hard and unjust they must think their gods, if they suppose they will punish them for doing what they could not possibly help doing!

There are a great many religious feasts in India; every god that is worshipped has his own special feast once a year. I will tell you about some of them in another chapter.

As the Indian men mix more with English people, and read more books, they get to think less about their heathen gods, and are beginning to feel that they are no gods at all. The great thing that keeps many of them from giving up having anything to do with their idols is that the women are so fond of their own religion, and

the men are afraid to go against them. The women watch their husbands and brothers and sons, and do all they can to strengthen their belief in their gods; so the great thing for Christians to do now is to teach the women.

But if all the Indian women are to be taught about Jesus, there must be twelve hundred times as many ladies to teach them as there now are, for out of all the hundred and twenty-three million women in India, only one in twelve hundred has ever heard of Jesus. Will you not ask God to make some more ladies want to go, and to make the rich ladies and gentlemen, who cannot go themselves, give their money to pay for those who can?

CHAPTER IV.

HOLY PLACES.

OME of the towns in India are considered very holy, especially those that are built on the Ganges. Of these, Benares is the most sacred of all. It is said to have been built by Siva, of gold and precious stones, which afterwards turned into stone and thatch, because of the sins of the people who lived there. The Hindus think Benares is eighty thousand steps nearer heaven than any other place, and that those who die there will go straight to Siva's heaven, the best of all. There are a great many pilgrims constantly going to Benares, besides very many sick people who are brought there to die.

As soon as it is thought that a man is too ill to get better, he is carried to the Ganges, and put in a shed by the side of the river, where he can see the water. After he has once been taken there, he may never have anything to eat or drink, or any more medicine till he dies ; so a great many people who have been put there die of hunger, because they are not really so ill as their friends thought they were. Why don't they take them home again ? you will ask. Because, if a man gets better after he has been taken to the river, his friends say it must be because he was so wicked the gods would not have him, so none of his relatives, not even his mother, or his little boys or girls, would ever touch him again, and he would have

to live by himself all his life and be a beggar, and every one would think it a disgrace to have anything to do with him. If a man's relatives think there is any danger of his not dying after he has been taken to the Ganges, they kill him themselves by filling his mouth with mud out of the river, and so suffocating him.

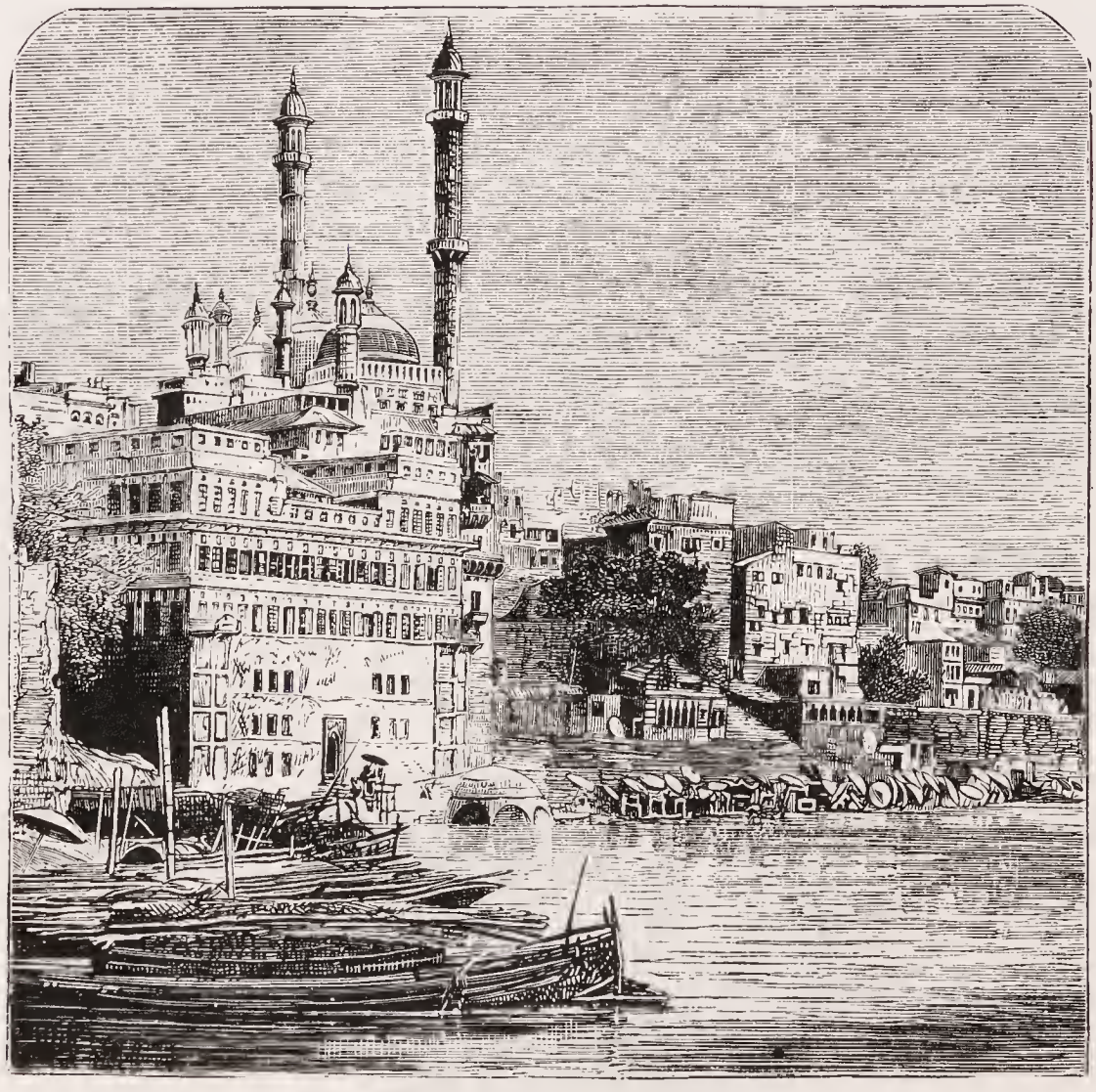
But the Ganges is not the only sacred thing at Benares. There is the great Monkey Temple (you remember monkeys are sacred animals), where there are at least a hundred monkeys running about in every part of the building, and men constantly going in to worship them. As they go out they ring a bell, as a sign that they have finished their prayers. Another temple at Benares is full of sacred cows.

But the holiest place in all the world to a Hindu is the Golden Temple at Benares, in which there is the Well of Knowledge. This well is full of dead flowers and rice mixed with Ganges water: the flowers and rice are offerings that the worshippers have put in. A dreadful smell is caused by all these dead leaves and the stagnant water; and yet any Hindu will give a great deal of money, if he has it, to be allowed to have just one teaspoonful of that water; he thinks it so very holy.

How different from the living water that Jesus spoke about when He said, 'Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst'! This water we may get from Jesus 'without money and without price,' only for asking, and yet so many go without it. Won't you say to Jesus, as the woman of Samaria did, 'Give me of this water, that I thirst not'? I am sure He will say yes, if you do.

Allahabad is another very sacred place, but not quite so much so as Benares. When a pilgrim first comes to Allahabad, he sits down on the bank of the Ganges, and has his head shaved, holding it over the water, so that every hair may fall into it; and he believes that for every single hair he shall get a million years in heaven; so, you see, a man may be as wicked as he likes if he is a Hindu, and

yet get to heaven after all, if he is rich enough to be able to take a journey to Allahabad.



BENARES.

Women bathe in the Ganges as well as men. If a lady wants to go, how do you think she manages it? She must not go on her feet and have a bathe, because, if she did, so many men would see

her. She is taken in her palky (a close carriage without any windows) all the way, even if it is hundreds of miles; and this carriage is made in a particular way, so that the water can get in through the bottom; it is held in the water, and so the lady gets her bath without ever leaving her carriage. She will have to be carried away in her wet things; but that does not matter at all, as it is only a woman. If a wife has no little boys, she goes to bathe in the Ganges, if she can, thinking that, for a reward, the gods may give her a boy. Some ladies take very long journeys for this purpose, and it is no wonder they care so much about it, for if they do not soon have a little son, their husbands will find another wife.

If a Christian touches a Hindu after he has been bathing in the Ganges, all the good is undone, and he must either go without the good or go back and bathe again.

CHAPTER V.

CASTE.

ASTE is really a part of the religion of the Hindus, and does more than anything else to make them miserable and to hinder the missionaries. There are a great many very strange things about caste—indeed, it is a strange thing altogether.

Nobody knows when it began to be thought about; but it is very easy to see that it must have been the priests who invented it, because it is arranged in such a way as to give all the power and greatness and importance to them.

The Hindus believe that the god Brahma made all the people in the world, or, at any rate, all the Hindus, out of himself. First, some people came out of his mouth; and, as that was the best part of the god, these people must be the best people, so they are called Brahmins, after the god, and are very important people indeed, and must be treated with great respect by everybody; and only a Brahmin may be a priest.

The Brahmins form the highest caste. Their business is to read and teach the sacred writings, or Vedas, as they are called, and to offer sacrifices. All other people only enjoy life through them, their happiness depending entirely on how the Brahmins treat them, and that, of course, depends on how they treat the Brahmins; so you will understand why you so often read of people giving them

presents and paying them great attention. Everybody is very respectful to them, and does whatever they tell them, even kings.

If a Brahmin does anything wicked, he is always let off as easily as possible; but if any one else does something to offend a Brahmin, he is punished severely. They are not allowed to work to support themselves; but the rest of the people have to provide for them by giving them feasts and presents. It is said that a Brahmin once cursed a god named Indra, and, because of this curse, the god was turned out of heaven and made to live in a cat; so you will easily understand how afraid a Hindu would be of offending a Brahmin. There are thirteen million Brahmins in India.

Long, long ago the Brahmins used to be much better than they are now. They lived something like monks, dressing quite plainly, and not eating more than they could help; they were very kind to the other people, and were loved by them. Then some great king arose, and the people thought so much of him that they began to think less of the Brahmins, and when the Brahmins found this out they did not like it at all, and began to think what they could do to keep their power. One thing they agreed was that they would not go on living like quiet, simple men, but would make themselves rich; and now they are quite different to the Brahmins of long ago. Nobody loves them, although they do them so much honour. They feel towards them very much as they do towards the gods—that they must be polite to them and treat them well, because if not they will get into trouble.

A very silly ceremony is gone through now with Brahmin boys when they get to be between nine and fifteen years old. The boy goes to his father and mother, and tells them he means to be a religious beggar. They try hard to persuade him not to do this, but to live like the rest of the Brahmins; and after he has been coaxed a very long time, he changes his mind, and says he will do as his father and mother want him to; all the time he never meant to do anything else.

LOW CASTE WOMEN.

For three days after this he may not see the sun, and has to spend his time learning pieces out of the sacred writings. On the morning of the fourth day he goes to bathe (in the Ganges, if he lives near it), says some prayers, and then goes home and lives like he did before. This is called his 'second birth,' and after it he is looked upon as a sacred person.

We read about a second birth in the third chapter of John's Gospel in our English Bible. When a little boy is really 'born again,' he is changed into a new little boy, and begins to live to please God instead of to please himself; but these Brahmin boys are just as naughty after their second birth as they were before, perhaps a little naughtier, because they think so much more of themselves.

It will not surprise you very much to hear that there are more of the Brahmins in prison in India than of any other caste; the English judges send them to prison, not the Hindus—they would be afraid to do such a thing.

The Hindus are getting to think less and less of the Brahmins, because they see that the English people do not think much of them, and that nothing very dreadful happens to an Englishman who sends a Brahmin to prison.

The next great caste is the Chuttree, or military class; to this belong the soldiers and magistrates. The Brahmins make the laws, but the Chuttree caste have to see that they are obeyed; they are said to have come out of Brahma's arms and shoulders.

Then there are the merchants, the Vaishno caste, who came from his thighs. Their work is to carry on trade, keep cattle, and cultivate the soil; they are the business men of India.

Lastly there are the poor men and servants, or Sudras, who came from Brahma's feet. Their business is to wait on all the other castes, especially the Brahmins.

These castes are divided into a great many smaller ones, according to trade or occupation. I do not think any one quite knows how many there are; but in and round one town—Puna—there are no

less than a hundred and fifty different castes. The highest of all is that of the Kuleen Brahmins; and because it is thought such an honour for a lady to have one of them for her husband, they are allowed to have as many wives as they like; sometimes one of them has as many as fifty or sixty, and instead of their wives going to live with them, they go to live with their wives, a short time with one and then a short time with another, just as they like; so they have no housekeeping expenses. A Kuleen Brahmin often has a great many children of his own whom he has never seen, and who would not know him if they met him; and as one of them often marries a little girl of eight or nine, when he himself is quite an old man,—sixty or seventy,—you will easily believe that there are a great many of their widows in India.

Now the reason why caste makes such a difference to the Hindus, and is such a curse to their nation, is that no man can ever get into a higher caste than the one in which he is born. If his father was a Sudra, he must be a Sudra, and his children, and his grandchildren, and his great-grandchildren must all be Sudras too. In England, if a man is very clever and very industrious and persevering, even though his father and mother may be very poor, he can get to be a great man, and have other great men for his friends; but in India, unless a man is born great, he can never become great.

CHAPTER VI.

LOSING CASTE.

UT although a man can never raise his caste, he can lose it, and a Hindu had better lose his father and mother, and brothers and sisters, and wife and children, and everything he has, than keep all these and lose his caste.

But how can he lose it? In all sorts of ways. If a high-caste Brahmin were to sit down to dinner with another Brahmin whose caste was not quite so high as his own, he would have lost his caste. A man loses his caste by giving up the Hindu religion; by eating meat or anything that Hindus are forbidden to eat; by eating food cooked by a man or woman of lower caste than his own; by drinking water out of a cup which has been touched by one of lower caste, or by not doing all the religious acts ordered in the Vedas, though this last rule is not so strictly kept now as it used to be.

You will see that no Hindu could possibly pay a visit to England, or to any other country outside India, without losing his caste, because he would have to eat food cooked by people who were not of his religion nor of his caste; if he lived with an Englishman, he would lose it by eating with him. If a boy or a girl went to a boarding-school kept by Christians, they could not help losing caste; so whenever you hear of Christian boarding-schools in India, you will understand that the children who go to them are only those who

have given up their religion and lost their caste, or are the daughters of native Christians.

This is one of the things that makes it so hard for a Hindu to become a Christian. Giving up his religion is a very easy thing when he has found a better one; but losing caste is such a terribly hard thing, that no one would dare do it if he did not love Jesus very much indeed, much better than he loved his father and mother, and wife and children, and brothers and sisters, and his own life too. If he becomes a Christian, he has really to give up all things for Christ's sake.

In Bengal a high-caste lady may not be seen by any man, except her own relatives, the family priest, and her servants, without losing caste. I have read of one gentleman who killed his wife because another man had seen her, and he would rather kill her than keep her after she had lost her caste.

Each particular class of servants belongs to a different caste, and therefore must do different work; so the nurse that minds the children may not sweep the nursery, and the man that takes care of the horse may not clean the boots, or else their caste will be lost; that is one reason why people in India are obliged to keep so many servants.

And you will easily see that this leads to a great deal of unkindness, because people cannot do little things to help each other, for fear of losing their caste. If a man or a woman were cooking the dinner, and happened by accident to touch another man or woman of lower caste, all the dinner would be defiled, and the cook would have to throw it away and begin over again.

But why is it such a dreadful thing for a Hindu to lose caste? What difference does it make to him, especially if he does not believe in it?

When men or women lose caste, they are looked upon as outcasts. Their friends will not have them to live with them, nor help them in any way, nor have anything more to do with them. They

are considered a disgrace to their family and to their country. Nobody will cook anything for them to eat, nor eat when they are in the room, and if they touch anything that can be eaten, it will be thrown away directly, because the outcasts are defiled, and whatever they touch is defiled too. They are turned out of their own homes, and the very kindest Hindu dare not take them to live with him, because if he did, his own caste would be lost; so that many of these unhappy men and women just wander about till they die.

You will not wonder after this, that Hindu men and women will suffer anything rather than break their caste. The Brahmins have the power of giving back caste to those who have lost it; but they will not do it unless they can get a very great deal of money for it. Years ago a Brahmin lost his caste through a European, who forced meat and flies into his mouth. He wandered about as an outcast for three years. His friends collected eighty thousand rupees (a rupee is two shillings, so that makes eight thousand pounds); but this was not enough, the Brahmins said, they must have much more than that; so his friends went to work again, and got two lacs of rupees—that is, twenty thousand pounds more—and this time the Brahmins said it was enough, and gave the man back his caste.

Another Brahmin let one of his sons marry a girl who, he was told, belonged to his caste; but after the wedding was over he found that he had made a mistake, and that his son's wife belonged to a lower caste of Brahmins; and this made him so miserable that he died of a broken heart.

A good English lady, who went to live in India to be a missionary, was there at the time of a great famine, when men, women, and children were dying because they had nothing to eat; so she opened what she called a relief camp, where every one might come who wanted food, and she had Hindu cooks to prepare it for them. Among the hungry people who came was one woman who was of a higher caste than any of the cooks; but she was so hungry that she could not help eating just a little bit; then she went back

to her own village, and there she was found afterwards lying in the road, so weak with hunger and fatigue that she could do nothing to help herself, and no one would touch her, because by doing so they would get defiled themselves. Women and children would go to the camp, and watch the boiled rice being given out to others; but though they were fainting from hunger themselves they would not touch it, because they were of higher caste than the cooks.

This same lady once saw a man dying of cholera; he was very thirsty, and was longing very much for some water; but the only Hindu near him was a man of higher caste than his, who would not give the dying man some water for fear of defiling himself. The lady saw what was the matter, so she went up to the sick man and asked him if she should fetch him some water; but he said no, it would defile him to take it from her, he would rather go without. But a change is taking place, and now most Hindus and Mohammedans will take *dry* medicines prepared by Christians, and some will take fluid medicines also.

Perhaps you wondered why, if the man was dying, it would make any difference to him if he did lose his caste. Because in that case his soul (so he is taught) would go, after his death, into the body of a very low animal, perhaps a rat, and then it would not be able to get back into another man after the rat died, but into the animal that comes next above a rat; for the law of transmigration is, that the soul must go in regular order through all the animals, rats, and cats, and dogs, and donkeys, and all the rest, till it gets up to a cow, and then from a cow to a man, and then back again into another animal, according as it behaves itself in its different bodies; so that losing your caste before you die means that your soul will have to begin its journey all over again.

The feeling about caste is not so strong now as it used to be, especially in the parts where there are most English people, and it gets less and less strict every year, as the Hindus find out how inconvenient it is. You see, if a man may not touch a Christian

without losing his caste, he can never go anywhere in a train, unless he can afford to have a carriage all to himself; and if he gets work in an office where there are English people, it is almost impossible to help touching them. And then, as travelling gets so easy, and the Hindus hear all about England, some of them, most of all the young men, want to come here and see it for themselves, and finish their education here, and sometimes the wish to do that is stronger than the fear of losing their caste, especially if their family is not a very strict one.

PART II.

THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN THEY ARE BABIES.

IN England fathers and mothers love their little girls just as much as their little boys. But in India it is quite different; there the girls are nothing and the boys are everything. You will hear a Hindu talk about 'children and girls,' as though girls were not children at all, but something not nearly so good; and often if you were to ask a father how many children he had, he would only tell you the number of boys, for they say 'girls don't count.'

When a little girl is born, the Hindus say the gods must have been very angry, or else they would have given a boy. So as soon as a child is born, if it is a boy, a large shell is sounded to let everybody know (sounding a shell is the same as ringing a bell with us). Then the joyful news is made known to all the relatives and neighbours by special messengers sent to tell them; all sorts of presents are sent to the new little boy, and the boy's father, in his turn, sends presents to all his relatives and neighbours; everybody is so pleased because a baby-boy is born into the world.

But suppose it is a little girl; then there is no bell-ringing,

and there are no presents and no messengers; the women sometimes tell the mother a story, and say she has a little boy, because they know she will be so disappointed that it is a girl. Of course, she

HINDU CHILDREN.

soon finds out, and then she is very angry and very sorry, and says the child had better never have been born at all. The poor little girl gets no love and no kisses; nobody wants to look at it or takes

any notice of it; it is 'only a girl,' so it may lie still and cry and nobody will mind, except that they do not like the noise. But, you know, God has made every mother so that she cannot help loving her children, and so, by and by, when the mother gets over her disappointment at not having a little boy, she begins to love her little girl, and to take care of it, and kiss it, and play with it.

Six days after a child is born, an image of the goddess Shasthi, who is said to take charge of all children, is worshipped outside the door of its room. Offerings are made to her of rice, fruit, sweets, clothes, milk, and other things. Then all these things are put into the room — a palm-leaf, a pen and some ink, a serpent's skin, a brick from the temple of Siva, two kinds of fruit, a little wool, and some gold and silver. I cannot tell you the meaning of all this, but just about this time the god of fate is expected to come into the room, and write on the child's forehead all the things that are to happen to it through its life, and the pen and ink are for the god to write with. Two days after this there is a great giving-away to all the children in the house, and all that live near it; amongst the things given are eight kinds of parched peas, rice, sweets, cowries, and pice (these are small pieces of money). That evening another very funny thing happens. All the children of the neighbourhood gather together, go up three times to the door of the room and beat it with small sticks, and then ask in a chorus how the child is getting on; then they shout, 'Let it rest in peace on the lap of its mother.' The children enjoy this immensely, and think it very great fun. All this is done much more quietly if the baby is a little girl; sometimes it is left out altogether.

Indian babies are very patient—quite different to English ones; they will lie still for hours, wide awake, without crying or giving any trouble, or wanting to be nursed or played with, as you did when you were a baby.

When the child's father first goes to see it, he puts a gold coin into its hand (I have seen people do that to English babies

sometimes), and gives it his blessing; but the little girl-babies often miss that too.

Then in every large house there is an astrologer—that is, a man who pretends to find out what is going to happen to people, by what stars are to be seen the night after they are born. He puts down in a book the exact minute and hour and day when the child was born, and then describes its fate—the same that the god is supposed to have written on its forehead. The Hindus think a great deal of what the astrologer says, and feel quite sure it will all come true. If he says bad things are going to happen at a certain time, great pains are taken, when the time is near, to please the god of fate; all sorts of prayers are said and presents given, to try to persuade him to change his mind. The paper on which the astrologer has written the child's fate is carefully kept, and is specially consulted when it is time for it to be married, to see that its husband or wife was born under the same kind of star, and so will not quarrel with it.

When the baby is six months old, it is allowed to have boiled rice for the first time; its head is shaved, it is dressed all in silk, and shown to its friends and relations; then it gets some more presents.

Indian children are generally named after gods and goddesses, because their parents think that by constantly mentioning the names of the gods—as they must do if their children have the same names—they will have good luck in this world and the next.

For the next four or five years, sometimes longer, they run about as they like, with no clothes on at all, except that the boys wear a charm tied round their wastes with a string, to frighten away the evil spirits; and the girls, besides the charm, wear as many jewels as they can get—necklaces, bracelets, and bangles on the ankles.

They are all petted, the boys because they *are* boys, and the girls because their mothers know that it is only when they are little

that they can have any pleasure at all, so they like them to get all they can. Indian children are generally thin, with light brown skins, high foreheads, faces that look as if their owners had plenty of sense, large dark eyes, small thin-lipped mouths, and dark soft hair. Their skins very soon get dark, playing about all day in the hot sun.

When they are big enough to understand, their mothers try to teach them what they know themselves; but how much is that? Just a few silly tales about gods and goddesses, so that almost the first lesson a child gets is to teach him that there are many many gods, and all of them wicked. Another thing they are taught from the very beginning is to love their mothers and think much of their fathers. A Hindu gentleman has said that 'Honour thy father and thy mother' is the first commandment to the Hindus. That other commandment, which Jesus thought so much of that He called it the first and great commandment, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God,' they never learn at all; instead of that, they are taught that the gods hate them, and they may hate the gods, only they must be very polite to them, and give them as many presents as they possibly can, or else the gods will make their lives miserable.

You will have seen by this time that the children get all their first ideas of religion from their mothers, and so the missionaries feel that the great thing to do, if the little boys and girls of India are to be Christian boys and girls, is to teach the mothers about Jesus, and to make them see that there is no truth in their own religion; but how can they get at the women to teach them? We shall have to find that out in another part of the book.

Until the children get to be five or six years old, the boys and girls live together, and very much in the same way; but after that age, their lives are so very different that we shall have to put boys and girls into separate chapters.

We say 'ladies first' in England, though they don't in India; so I will tell you next about the little girls.

CHAPTER II.

LITTLE HINDU GIRLS.

HERE will not be very much to tell you about them, because so little happens to them. Nobody is glad when they are born, nobody is very sorry when they die, and nobody loves them very much except their mothers. Their fathers only see them very seldom after they are five years old, for they may not go to their fathers, and their fathers do not care to come to them.

They have no lessons to learn. Their mothers cannot teach them to read, for they do not know how themselves. Until very lately it was thought quite ridiculous in India to try to teach girls or women to read; so, although there are plenty of Hindu boys' schools, there is no such thing as a Hindu school for girls; I mean a school belonging to the Hindu religion. The Hindus all used to say, and many of them say now, that if a girl learns to read, she is sure to be a widow, and that is the very worst thing that can happen to a Hindu girl.

Then what can they do with themselves all day? What do English little girls do all day? They go to school, or have lessons with there mammas; but we have seen that Hindu girls can do neither. English girls do sewing and knitting; but nobody ever taught Hindu girls to sew or knit, or do anything else. Boys and men do all the sewing in many parts of India; isn't that funny?

An English lady, who went to live in India on purpose to try to make the women and children happier and to teach them about God, got a number of little girls together and wanted to teach them to sew, and, of course, she wanted some thimbles; so she went to a bazaar to see if she could find some. But wherever she asked she met with the same reply, 'We can give you plenty of thimbles for men, but there are none small enough for children.' This lady's school was at Punrooty, and she was obliged to send all the way to Madras (five days' journey by bullock cart) before she could find any children's thimbles.

They might look at pictures, you think. So they might, if there were any to look at, but there are none; so what is there they can do?

One thing they spend part of their time in, is doing their mothers' hair, for Hindu ladies think a great deal of their hair, and have plenty of it; so the little girls amuse themselves with plaiting it, and putting it up, and taking it down again.

They like listening to stories, too: they have never heard any stories better than those their mothers tell them, so they think these are very nice. I expect they have the same over and over again, for, as the mothers cannot read and cannot go out, I do not see how the children can have fresh stories, unless their fathers have told some new ones to their mothers. I know some of the Hindu ladies make their husbands tell them a story every night after they have gone to bed, and will not go to sleep without it. Then they will be sure to repeat it to their little girls next day. These stories are generally very silly ones, which any little English girl would know at once were too stupid to be true; but the Hindu ladies believe them all.

The only useful thing the little girls do, is to help their mothers to cook when they are quite small, and so learn to be good cooks themselves.

When they are five or six years old they begin to be taught

religion, and are allowed to go to *pujah*. The one thing they are taught to hope and pray for is a nice husband, so they begin with the Siva *pujah*, because that is the one the goddess Durjah began with when she wanted a husband, and she got Siva himself, who is supposed to be the best husband there ever was; so the Hindus think if their little girls imitate Durjah they will get nice husbands too.

The little girl—remember she is only about five—must first make two little earthen images of Durjah, and put them on the skin of a wild apple, with some leaves; then she must go away and wash herself, and put on clean clothes; then come back and do her *pujah* by saying a prayer to Siva, and sprinkling the heads of the images with holy water. She says a great many prayers, and gives flowers and leaves to Durjah as well as to Siva.

Next comes a *pujah* to Krishna or Vishnu, to whom the little girl prays and gives flowers. He is supposed, when he sees her, to ask her who she is and what she wants, and the little girl tells him she wants to have a prince for her husband, to be very beautiful and very good, to have seven good, clever little boys, and two pretty little girls, and to die on the banks of the Ganges.

That is a funny prayer, isn't it? Only, you see, the little girl knows just what she wants, and she believes the god can do it for her, so she asks him. Is that what you do when you pray? Do you just learn a little prayer and kneel down and say it, without thinking very much about it, or do you think what you really want, and just ask God for it, and expect Him to give it to you? That is what God means by praying.

But our little girl has not quite finished yet. The next *pujah* is to ten images, and for this the little girl has a great deal of painting to do, for she must make on the floor pictures of ten gods, and of ten men who have been made gods. As she gives to these her offering of flowers, she asks that she may have a good father-in-law, a good mother-in-law, a good husband and husband's brother, and for herself that she may be an industrious woman, a good cook, and a good wife.

There are a few more ceremonies to be gone through by little girls when they begin their *pujah*, and in different parts of the country there are rather different customs; but from what you have heard already you will see that the thing they think about more than anything else is getting married. It is so with every Hindu little girl; her father and mother begin, as soon as she is born, to think

HINDU GIRLS.

about getting a husband for her. She must be married before she is ten years old, and if it can be done when she is younger still, so much the better. Anyhow, the husband must be fixed upon before she is eight years old, though she need not be married till two years later. I remember reading of one little girl who was married when she was a baby; it was before she had even learned to walk, so she

was fastened to the bottom of her husband's robe, and dragged along behind him. But we must not go on to weddings yet, because the little boys are not ready, so we should not know where the husbands came from.

You will be glad to hear that in some parts of India they are beginning to let the little girls learn something. I suppose they have seen that when girls learn to read and write, their husbands keep alive after all, and so the fathers and mothers are not quite sure that their little girls will be widows if they learn lessons. Now and then a little girl is allowed to learn out of a spelling-book, if there is any one to teach her, and to go to school when she is big enough, until she is married. Then, of course, she must leave directly, for her husband might kill her if she went out of doors or let another man see her. But if she has had time before she is married to learn to read, she can go on reading by herself in the zenana, and then she will be nothing like so miserable as those who have nothing to do but cook and dress their hair.

CHAPTER III.

LITTLE HINDU BOYS.

HINDU little boys are generally very bright, active, and fond of play; they are hardly ever poorly, partly because they spend so much time out of doors, and partly because all their food is so light that it never disagrees with them.

When the little boy is about five years old, the same age at which the little girl begins to learn her *pujahs*, he is sent to the infant school. But first of all his father must see the astrologer, to ask him which would be the most lucky day for his boy to go to school. Hindu boys are just as excited as English ones about going to school for the first time.

When the day comes, the little boy has a bath, and puts on his new clothes, very likely the first clothes he has ever worn, except when he was six months old, and was dressed in silk to be shown to his friends. But before he goes to school he must pay a visit to a temple, and offer a sacrifice of rice and fruits to the god or goddess of learning, which is afterwards given to the priest, and then the father takes him to school. I wonder how many of the little boys that read this pray about their lessons. If you want to get on well at school, and grow into clever men, I am sure the best way will be for you always to pray about your work before you begin it.

The Hindu boy's first lesson is the same as yours—the alphabet;

but he does not learn it in the same way as you did, by pronouncing the letters till he knows them; but by writing them on the ground in sand with a piece of soft stone, and copying them over and over again till he knows them, five letters at a time; so he learns reading and writing both at once. When he knows the first five letters quite well, the schoolmaster teaches him five more; but with every new thing the boy is taught, he is expected to give the master a present, either something to eat, or something to wear, or some money. When he knows all his letters, he is allowed to write on palm-leaves with a wooden pen and some ink, instead of on the floor; next on a slate, and last of all on paper. Besides reading and writing there is the multiplication-table to be learned; but instead of learning it out of a book, the boy who knows it best says it aloud, and the others repeat it after him till they know it.

These infant schools generally begin early in the morning and go on till eleven; then the boys go home for their breakfast, come back at two, and stay till the evening; but in different parts of the country there are different hours and different customs, so you must not suppose all schools are like the one I am telling you about. This is what the infant schools in Bengal are like.

What plan do you think the masters have in some schools to make the boys come in time? Such a funny one. The boy that gets to school first gets one stroke with the cane, the second boy gets two, the third three, and so on to the one who comes last. That is rather hard on the good boys who are never late, is it not? And I should not wonder if some little boy is saying to himself, 'Well, if I knew I was the last boy, I should stay away nearly all the time, and get as much as I could for my caning.' Ah, but you would not gain much by that; the master would be too sharp for you, and would have another punishment ready. If you were the last boy, and were very late indeed, he would make you stand on one leg for an hour, and all the other boys would be allowed to laugh at you as much as they liked; and would not you feel foolish?

So you see the boys in Hindu schools are taught the same as in English ones—reading (their own language), writing, and arithmetic. Those that are able to keep accounts are considered very clever indeed. The stupid boys and the naughty ones get plenty of caning, but, however bad they are, they are never turned out of the school. If a boy plays truant he is sometimes made not only to stand on one leg, but at the same time to hold a brick in his right hand, or to stand with both his arms stretched out at full length till he is quite sick. Try standing on one leg with both arms stretched out, and see how soon you get tired of it. Another very dreadful punishment is to put stinging leaves on to the boy's naked back, where he cannot get at them to take them off, or even to rub the sore place.

At a great many of the Indian festivals, the boys are expected to give the master a present; there is generally a holiday on these festival days; but the boys that bring no presents are made to stay in school. No boy likes to have to be doing lessons when other boys are playing, does he? so I am sorry to say some of the Indian little boys don't mind stealing things to give to the schoolmaster, if they cannot get them any other way.

But this kind of schooling is dying out very fast in India. The Government are taking it into their own hands, and starting schools in all parts, where the children pay, as they do in England, a regular fixed sum without any presents, and the masters are paid by the Government. The Government teachers do their work much better than the independent schoolmasters, and the parents have found this out, and like to send their boys to the best schools.

In Calcutta especially, when the boys get to be six years old, their parents like them to go to the Government schools, where they can learn English as well as their own language. When they have learned English, the next thing is that they begin to read English books, and then they very soon begin to see what a foolish religion theirs is. They go home and talk about this, and their parents get

frightened, especially their mothers, at the idea of their boys giving up their gods; but they are afraid to take them away from school, because in these days the way to get rich in India is to have a good English education, and this can only be got in English schools.

But although in these schools the Hindu boys find out what nonsense it is to pray to so many idols and to think they are gods, they do not learn anything there about the true God, for the English law in India is that no religion at all is to be taught in the Government schools. Some people think this is right, and some think it is wrong; it has puzzled older and wiser heads than yours to say what is the best thing to do, so we will not talk about it now; only I want you to understand that by going to these schools the boys learn enough to make many of them give up their idols; but they do not get any true religion to take the place of their own false one, so many of them just give up all that they believed in before, and go on believing in nothing at all. Then, I am sorry to say, they find a great many English books which tell them there is no God at all, and that the only religion they need to have is to do no harm to anybody, and to do all they can to make people wise, but not holy; to love men, but to forget God. So they think they are learning wisdom; but 'the beginning of wisdom' they never get; and we cannot go on with a thing that never had a beginning, can we?

The boy, if he is clever and wants to get on, goes through the different classes of his school, and then to the university, for there are several universities in India; but he cannot stay there as long as Englishmen can, because when he gets to be sixteen or seventeen he must leave off studying and look for a wife, or rather get married to her, for most likely she will have been found for him long before.

CHAPTER IV.

A HINDU WEDDING.

HILDREN'S weddings! You never heard of such a thing in England, did you? and I hope there never will be such a thing. But it is the only kind of wedding you will hear about amongst the Hindus. Sometimes the husband is old; but the wife is always a little girl.

The reason of this difference is, that a man may marry as many times as he likes; but a woman only once. Even if a little baby were to be married, and her husband were to die before she was old enough to speak, which does sometimes happen in India, the poor little girl may never be married to any one else, but must be a widow all her life, and such a miserable widow too.

You have found out already that the proper age for a man to be married the first time is sixteen or seventeen, and the proper age for the little girl eight, or less than eight.

There are a set of people in India called match-makers, who spend their time in going about trying to make marriages—that is, to find husbands and wives that they think will suit each other. There are both men and women match-makers; but the women get on better than the men. The Hindu ladies have much more to do with the weddings than the men; that is rather strange, as the men have all the money, and the women none; but so it is, and therefore

you can understand that the female match-makers can do more than the male; because the females can go and talk to the ladies in the zenanas, but the men are not allowed there.

When the match-makers think they have found a boy and a girl that will make a nice couple, they go to the parents of both to talk it over. When they go to the father and mother of the boy, they begin by telling them that they have found a little girl that will make a very nice wife for their son, and then they set to work to describe her. The two chief things to tell are what she looks like, and how much her father will give for her fortune to the man who marries her.

Money and beauty are the two things that are wanted from the little girl; the Hindus believe that the good fortune of a husband depends on the riches of his wife.

The match-makers are not at all particular about speaking the truth; they will say that the little girl is very handsome indeed, while all the while she is quite plain; and that her father will give a great deal of money with her, when perhaps he does not intend to give much, or has not very much to give.

If the boy's father and mother seem satisfied, the match-makers go next to the little girl's parents, and there they begin to praise the boy, by saying that he is very beautiful, very kind, and very learned; these are the things that are thought most of in a husband.

By this time you may be sure the Hindus have found out that the match-makers do not at all mind saying what is not true, so they do not believe anything like all they say; but if they think the boy and the girl will do for each other, they next make inquiries of anybody that they think can tell them more about them; the boy's parents inquire about the girl, and the girl's about the boy.

The questions asked about the boy in these days generally are—'Has he passed any Government examinations? if so, how many?' and about the girl, 'How much money will her father give?' Any respectable wedding would cost at least two hundred pounds.

Some very grand ones have cost as much as ten lacs of rupees. A rupee is two shillings, a lac of rupees ten thousand pounds. Just fancy paying a hundred thousand pounds to marry a little girl eight years old! If the girl's father is not very rich,—and most of the Hindus are not rich,—he will borrow the money. Some fathers have quite ruined themselves in getting their daughters married. In one part of India it used to be a common thing to kill the baby-girls as soon as they were born, to save the expense of marrying them.

If the parents, after asking their friends, still think the boy and girl will do for each other, the next thing that happens is that the boy's father and the girl's father meet together to talk it over, and to settle about the money and the presents. All this part of the business is often done when both the boy and girl are babies.

After all has been peaceably settled, which often takes a long time, the boy and girl themselves are told about it. They are not asked whether they would like it or not; everything is settled for them by their parents. Of course, they have never seen each other and will not for some little time longer; but now, after it is agreed that they shall be married, some of the boy's friends and some of the girl's are chosen to go and see them both.

They go first to the girl, and wait in a room by themselves while she is being dressed, for her mother wants to make her to look as nice as she possibly can. This dressing often takes a long time; but at last she appears, sparkling all over with jewels; jewels on her head, jewels round her neck, jewels on her arms, jewels on her fingers, jewels round her ankles, rings in her ears, rings on her toes, rings in her nose, chains and bracelets and rings everywhere.

You may be sure she is very shy indeed; any little girl would be shy who was sent into a room to some gentlemen who had come on purpose to look at her, and see whether they thought she was pretty enough and nice enough for somebody's wife. But this little girl would be much more shy than an English little girl, for perhaps

this will be the first time she has ever spoken to a man in her life, unless it was her father.

The men ask her a great many questions. In some of the big towns the little girl is sometimes asked now whether she can read and write, and if she says yes, the gentlemen give her a book and tell her to read to them, and then give her some paper and tell her to write something, to let them see whether she is really so clever. All this time the match-makers are in the room, and whenever there is a little stop in the talking, they begin to praise the girl.

And somebody else is listening, too, who is not allowed to come into the room, because she must not be seen; so she stands outside the door or behind a curtain or window, where she can hear what happens, because she is so curious to know how the little girl gets on. You will easily guess that this is the child's mother.

Before the visitors leave they give the girl a piece of gold to show they are pleased with her.

Then comes the visit to the boy, and as the great thing wanted in him is that he should be a clever boy, he has to go through an examination in grammar, history, composition—all sorts of things; and he always gets on badly. Do you know why? Not because Hindu boys are all dunces, but because they are all so nervous when they get this visit. When the boy is told to read, he stammers; when he has to write, his hand shakes so, that he always does it badly; when he does his composition, his ideas have all run away and left him; so it is all badly done together. Perhaps his visitors remember how nervous they were themselves when it was their turn. Anyhow, they always let the boy off easily, and he also gets a piece of gold.

For two weeks before the marriage the little bride is constantly bathed in perfumes, and her feet and hands are dyed every day.

The colour that is used most at weddings in India is red. It is considered a sign of joy and gaiety, the opposite to black—so all the guests are dressed in red. Even the invitations are sent out on red cards.

There are a great many feasts and ceremonies besides the wedding itself. At one time the bridegroom goes in a procession to the house of the bride's father, taking presents with him, to ask if he may have the little girl to be his wife; but if he happens to meet anything on the way which is considered unlucky—for instance, a snake—he must go back and wait till another day. The girl's father does not say yes, till he gets a good sign by one of the little lizards that run about the houses giving a shrill cry. Then a feast is given, and the month and day of the marriage are fixed by the astrologers and the family priest. The common opinion is that only four months in the year are lucky for marriages—March, April, May, and June.

At another time the bridegroom pretends that he wants very much to go to Benares and bathe in the Ganges, so he starts in company with some friends. But before he has got very far he meets the little girl's father, who knows all about it, but pretends not to know, and asks where he is going, and then promises that if he will give up the idea of going away he will give him his own daughter to be his wife. The young man agrees to stay at home on this condition, and they all return together.

I cannot tell you all the ceremonies in order as they are gone through; there are so many, and some of them you would think very dull, as you would not be able to understand the meaning of them. They last four or five days and nights, so you may imagine how many there are. What I tell you will only be a few of them.

Sometimes there are as many as three hundred guests at a wedding feast, besides the women, who have great feasts of their own, and in some places are allowed to mix with the gentlemen during the wedding, only they must always keep their veils down.

Of course the bride is very grandly dressed—that is, she has plenty of jewels, for Hindu ladies' dresses are never very grand. Generally their only garment is a long strip of cloth, with a bright coloured border. This is called a sarree. It is fastened round the

waist, and then brought up over the chest and head. The upper part is called the veil; but this is not put over the head until the girl is married. Then it goes right over her head and face, and she must always keep it so when she is in the presence of a man.

The girl's father spends a great deal of money in buying jewels before she is married, and for the wedding itself she wears as many as she can possibly put on at one time. Her arms are covered with bracelets; there are many bangles on her legs; she is quite loaded with chains; and sometimes a bride has as many as six pairs of earrings on all at once. And she likes it,—that is the funniest part of all; for I am sure they must hurt her, and make her very tired, too, especially if she is only a little girl.

On the wedding-day neither the bride nor the bridegroom may have anything to eat, unless it is a little fruit or milk, so the feasting does not make much difference to them.

In the evening the bridegroom goes with his own father and the father of the bride to the temple in the house of the bride's father. A great crowd follows them along the streets, shouting as loudly as they can, 'The bridegroom comes!' As soon as this cry is heard in the house, a number of little girls, generally under six years old, go out with torches to meet him and bring him to the house. Do you remember a parable that Jesus spoke about a wedding where something happens very much like this? I hope the little girls, and boys too, that read about this Hindu wedding, will have their lights all ready to go and meet the Heavenly Bridegroom that we read about in Matthew xxv. 1–13.

The verandahs in the gods' house are crowded with friends who have come to look on, and there are a great many ladies hidden behind their screen. You may fancy what a treat it is to them to see a wedding. And then, when the procession comes, all the people out of the street crowd into the temple, for it would be thought very rude indeed to shut the doors when there was going to be a wedding. So anybody may come in, if only they can find

room. Sometimes the court is covered in with canvas, to make a room large enough to hold the people.

The bridegroom is taken to a seat in the middle of the temple, and the priest gives him a little sermon all to himself. Then some

HINDU WEDDING—A MIDNIGHT PROCESSION.

little boys come in and give flowers to the guests. And all this time the bride and bridegroom have never seen each other, and neither of them knows what the other is like.

Another ceremony sometimes takes place in the women's court,

where the ladies of the house are gathered together, all closely veiled. The bride's mother comes forward, carrying in one hand a large tray full of coals, and in the other a can of water. She is followed by a great many other women, each carrying a different kind of food. This train of ladies walks round the bridegroom seven times, the mother spilling the water in a circle as she goes. When the bride's mother gets just behind the bridegroom as she is going round the last time, she throws the tray with the coals on it over his head, so that it shall fall at his feet in front; then she puts the tray on the top of the coals, stands on it and speaks to him, touching his forehead, his lips, and his eyes.

When the mother has done this, she moves away, and the little bride herself appears; she is carried six times round the bridegroom inside the circle made by the water, with her face and head uncovered; then the barber, who always helps at weddings, lifts up the bride, so that her face shall be level with the bridegroom's, and then takes a piece of silk and puts it over both their heads, and tells them to look at each other. It is time they did, is it not? This is their first sight of one another, and if they do not like each other, it cannot be helped now; they are being married, and have gone too far to stop it. But this they would never think of doing, for they have always been taught to believe that it is much better to have their husbands and wives chosen for them, than to choose for themselves. While they are looking at each other, the barber pronounces a curse against anybody who shall say anything bad about them.

After this the bridegroom disappears through the underground passage, and the bride is carried after him back to the gods' house in the larger court.

At one time the bride's father takes her hand and puts it into that of the boy, and pours water over them in honour of Vishnu; this is giving her away. Sometimes their hands are tied together with flowers by the priest. The girl's sarree and the boy's are tied together too, and that makes them really man and wife.

Another ceremony is that the boy takes a little gold brooch, with a figure of a god on it, fastened to a string of many very fine threads, and ties it round the girl's neck. This is called a tali, and is as much to a Hindu lady as a wedding ring is to an English one. If the husband dies, the wife has to break this chain, and may never wear it again. The most bitter moment in the whole life of a Hindu woman is the time when she breaks off her tali.

At another time some sacred fire is brought, the bridegroom offers a sacrifice, and he and the bride walk three times round the fire. Fire is looked upon as the purest of all gods; the most sacred promises are those which are made over fire.

Some time during the marriage days, two bamboo baskets are placed close together; the bride stands in one and the bridegroom in another: first he pours on her head a basketful of ground rice, and then she does the same to him.

Then one evening, when the stars are bright, he takes her to the door and shows her the Pole Star, which is looked upon as a sign of faithfulness.

The last ceremony of all is that the bridegroom takes hold of the bride's hand, and leads her into seven circles one after another; when they get into the seventh, he is bound to look upon her always as his wife, and she to have him always for her husband.

On the third day the husband and wife have a meal together, when they both eat off the same plate; but this is the only time in their lives that they eat at the same time and in the same room. Even this time the little girl is very shy about it, and has to be ordered to do it by the grown-up people, or else she refuses. Sometimes the bridegroom takes a sweet and bites off one half, and puts the other into the bride's mouth; then the bride takes another in the same way, giving half to the bridegroom.

The marriage ceremonies are not exactly the same all over India: in some parts they only go through some of those which I have mentioned, and have others just as strange; but at all weddings

four or five days and nights are taken up with them. There is a great deal of teasing, too, of which the bridegroom gets most, and a great deal of singing, but the songs are not at all nice.

But after the wedding is over the bride's work is not quite done. There is one thing left that she does not like at all, it makes her so nervous. She has to go to see her mother-in-law, and young wives are always very much afraid of their mothers-in-law. This time, however, the little girl is not going to live with her, only to pay her a visit; for, as she is so very young, she is allowed to live with her own mother a little longer, till she is twelve or thirteen years old, when she goes to live altogether at her husband's house. Still, from the day she is married, she is considered to belong more to her mother-in-law than to her own mother, and must always go to stay with her whenever she asks her, and for as long as she is told.

At this first visit a great many strange things have to be done. One is, that the mother-in-law puts some honey into the bride's ears and mouth, meaning that she is to be as sweet as honey herself, doing everything she hears her mother-in-law say, and always speaking respectfully to her.

All the ladies in the zenana give presents to the little visitor; but she is too frightened at so many strange faces to care much about anything, and she is so glad when she is told that the servants are waiting with her palky, and that she may go home. Her mother and every one else at home are very glad to see her, and spend most of the next few days in looking at the ornaments that were given her at her husband's house, and asking her questions about what she saw there.

After this the little girl settles down to her old life, and does not see her husband often for months together, sometimes not until she goes to live at his house. The rest of the time till she does this she is a very good little girl, for if she ever begins to be naughty, her mother has only to threaten to send her away to her mother-in-law, and she will do as she is told directly.

CHAPTER V.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

HE little girl begins to be a prisoner as soon as she begins to be a wife. Her wedding-day is her last day of liberty, even if she has been allowed to go to school and run about before. She may, perhaps, be little more than a baby; but she is a wife, and so she must be treated like a woman, and not like a child. The only thing she has to look forward to she dreads—that is, having to go to her mother-in-law's house to live. While she is at home, there is still her mother, who loves her and is good to her. The other children in the zenana have always lived with her, even if they are not all her own brothers and sisters; but at her husband's house she knows no one—they are all strangers, and she feels that none of them will be at all glad at her coming to live with them, and her mother-in-law is almost sure to be unkind to her.

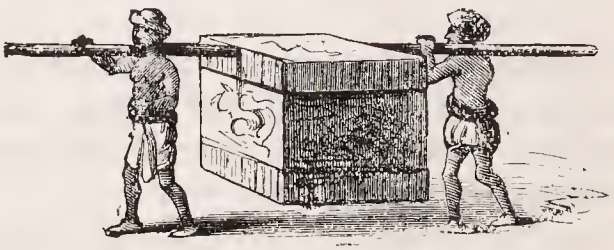
The few years that are left before she has to go away from her home and her mother pass very quickly, and at last the day comes when the little girl must say good-bye to everything and everybody she cares for, and go into a new family, quite by herself, with nobody to take care of her, or speak a kind word to her, or give her a kiss. How lonely she must feel!

This will be the saddest chapter you have read yet, so sad that I should not wonder if, before you have got to the end of it, you go

and find your own mother, and give her a kiss, and tell her how glad you are that she is not a Hindu mother, and that you are not a Hindu child.

When the little girl comes to live at her husband's house, she has always to obey the orders of her mother-in-law, for though she is a wife she is not the mistress. The mother-in-law takes possession of all her jewels that she thinks so much of, and she may never wear them without leave, nor may she ever sit down or speak above a whisper in the presence of the mother-in-law without her permission. Yet in many cases the mothers-in-law are not at all strict about these things.

You, who have always lived in England, can hardly imagine how miserable the life of an Indian lady is. She may never go where she likes, not even in her own house, and never go for a walk, nor for a drive—at least not such drives as ladies take in England. If she wants to go and see a friend who lives next door, she must first of all get permission from the mistress of the zenana, generally the oldest lady there, and if allowed to go, she must be carried in a palky, a kind of box, painted black, with no windows at all, and a door that is taken out for her to get in and pushed in afterwards, so that she cannot get out till it is opened from outside. There is nothing for her to sit on but the floor, and the palky itself is so small that she has to squeeze herself up into a little bundle to get into it, while she sees nothing as she goes along.

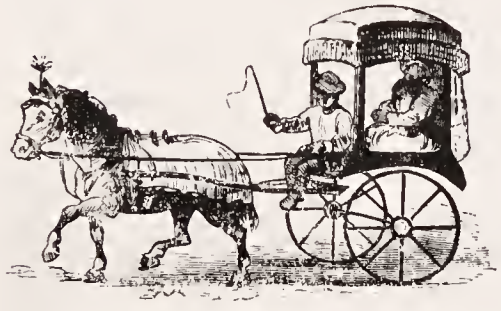


A HINDU LADY'S CARRIAGE.

If she is only going a little way, it does not so much matter what the carriage is like; but if she has to go mile after mile, shut up in this dreadful way, how stiff she must get, and how close the air inside must be! How she must long to move, and wish there

were only just room for her to turn round, and just a little tiny hole that she could peep out at, and see where she was going, and what people or things she was passing!

If her husband wants to go out, he can have a nice comfortable carriage, or else a palky with no door to it and plenty of room; it is only the poor ladies who are treated as if they were not human beings at all, but only parcels to be taken from one place and put down in another.



A HINDU GENTLEMAN'S CARRIAGE.

Poor little girl! She may never pick a flower, nor listen to the birds singing, nor see the street. She must live as best she can, shut up in the zenana till she dies; or, if she lives in a part of the country where ladies are not kept so strictly, till she is an old woman, when she may not be quite so close a prisoner; but she will be afraid to wish to be old, for fear she should be a widow.

If she wants to speak to her husband, she may not go to look for him; she must wait till he chooses to come to her. When one of the gentlemen in a house wants to speak to his wife, which does not very often happen, he makes a warning sound before he gets to the room where the ladies sit, and then every woman draws her veil and runs into her own bedroom till the man has gone. For each wife has a little room of her own, opening out of the common room, and the husband knows which is his wife's room, and will go to look for her there.

If a zenana lady ever speaks loudly enough for a man to hear her anywhere, she is very much scolded, and thought very badly behaved indeed. She is never allowed to utter the name of her husband, or of any of his relatives, unless they are younger than she is.

The chief lady in the zenana has a great deal of power and rather more to do than the other ladies, for she has to look after the food, and tell her husband and sons the state of the stores; how much there is in the house, and what fresh things are wanted. She has to give an account of what is done with all the food, for the Indian people are not at all extravagant in their household arrangements, and the men always like to know what the women do with their provisions. Of course, the mistress does not have the housekeeping money given to her; that would be of no use, as she cannot go out to do the shopping; the men keep the money, and the servants do the buying. The mistress has to arrange all the meals, too, to see that everybody is properly fed, and to decide what shall be given to the poor. The Indian ladies are very good managers, and make everything go as far as it will.

This chief lady gives orders to everybody in the zenana, and they must all obey her, or they would get into trouble. Sometimes she is very unkind; but nobody may tell tales, or if they do, it does no good. If a mother tells her little boy to do something, and this lady tells him not to, he must obey her and disobey his mother. Very often little boys and girls have to see their mothers cruelly treated by their grandmothers, for you see the grandmother in the zenana is always the mother of the father, but never of the mother, as the boys stay at home after they are married, but not the girls.

A wife may not lift her veil or speak to her husband in the presence of her mother-in-law, or of any member of the family older than herself. She may talk to the children if she is alone with them, but must be quiet when older people come into the room. So you see how much the happiness of a family depends upon what kind of woman the mother-in-law is. If she is kind and good-tempered, every one gets on much better; but if she is cross and severe, then think how sad it must be for the young wives to have to live all day and every day in the same room with her. No wonder the little girls are taught to pray for a nice mother-in-law!

The zenana ladies get very few visits from their friends. When they do, what do you think they talk about? Their homes are so much alike that they cannot have much to tell each other; but they are very talkative when they get together. The chief subject of conversation is the jewellery of the visitor, or of those she has come to see. If there has been a wedding or a great *pujah*, they are sure to talk about that; but no lady may speak about her own husband, or ask another about hers.

One visitor, the hairdresser, comes very often into the zenana. There are a great many of these people all over India, who do other things besides cutting and dressing hair. One of these women goes to the zenana about once a week to cut the finger-nails and toe-nails of the ladies, for no Indian lady would ever think of doing that business for herself. She dyes their hands, too, and tells them all the news about those who are going to be married, and all the gossip she has heard in other zenanas.

Sometimes the little wife is so very miserable that she watches for an opportunity, when nobody is taking much notice of her, sends for her palky, and goes back to her mother; but, of course, it is soon found out; either her father hears of it and sends her back, or else the husband is told of it and goes to fetch her, and then she will be watched very closely to see that she does not do it again. She hardly ever gets to feel at home in her husband's house, till she has a little boy or girl of her own; then she has somebody to love and somebody to love her. So she does not want to run away any more.

I am glad to be able to tell you one good thing about the Hindus; they are very fond of their mothers, think a great deal of what they say, and are always very obedient to them. Even when a man is grown up and has a wife and children of his own, he cares more about his mother and what she says than about almost any one else. In this they are better than some English people. I hope the boys and girls who read this book will always be good to

their fathers and mothers, and do all they can to please them, or they will be worse than Hindus. And though mothers in India are so different from English mothers, they are alike in one thing, that they love their children very much.

If a Hindu wife has a little boy, she is respected, her husband is good to her, and so are the people in the zenana; but if she has no sons, she is very much despised, and after waiting a few years, her husband will get another wife. He must not send away the first one; she may stay in the zenana; but think how terrible it will be for her to see another little girl taking her place, and she herself left alone and despised by every one in the house, because they think she must have been very wicked indeed when her soul was in another body, and is now being punished for it by having no little boys.

An English lady once went to visit a zenana to read to the people there. The Hindu ladies were very much surprised at a great many things they saw and heard. First of all, because her arms and ears were not covered with jewels, they thought she must be very poor indeed, and were so astonished when she told them that there were some other things she liked to spend her money on better than jewels.

Then she was asked about her children, and she said she had none; so they all began pitying her again, and saying how very miserable she must be. They could not ask her questions about her husband, they would think that so very rude and wicked too; but one of them asked her how long she had been married, and they were more surprised than ever when she told them she had never been married at all, and did not want to be. They told her she could never go to heaven, if she did not have a husband and some little boys, and found it very hard to believe that she was not very unhappy. They were all so sorry for her, and thought England must be a very funny place, and English people very funny people, if one of their ladies could have no jewels, no husband, no little boys, and yet not be miserable, and think that she was going to heaven.

The chief food of the people of India is curry and rice; of course without any meat, for you remember they are not allowed to eat that. Very strict Hindus will not eat food, if they can help it, that has been cooked by any one except their own wives, and they are very particular about their food too; the poor wife would get into great trouble if the cooking was not well done, and would be very much ashamed of herself. There are two chief meals of curry and rice in the day, but sweets and fruits are eaten at other times.

When a meal is ready, all the best part of it is put on a brass plate by the wife and carried to her husband's room. Even after he is served, his wife and children may not eat; they must wait till he has finished and sent his plate back, then they may eat what he has left. This is put on another plate, and the mother and children sit round it on the floor and eat what is on it. The men, as well as the women, generally sit on the floor to eat, but in many parts of India the gentlemen are beginning to imitate English ways.

Except for little girls, it is thought very shocking for a female to be seen eating by a man. It is a common opinion in India that women and girls take much longer to eat than men and boys. If they never eat together how can they possibly know? Yet I can quite believe that the women and girls do take a long time over their meals; it gives them something to do. I should think they look forward to meal times, and are sorry when they are over.

Perhaps you wondered why it was that nearly all the food was sent away to the father, when the people in the zenana were to have some of it. Why did they not keep back enough for themselves? Because their religion teaches that no woman may eat anything until after it has been offered to a man.

So the ladies spend their time in cooking, eating, sleeping, plaiting their hair, counting their jewels, doing *pujah*, and gossiping. Some of them smoke; but it must be very bad if one lady in a zenana smokes and the other ladies do not like it.

How tired they must get of the days and weeks and months, all

just alike, one after the other! An English visitor once said to a zenana lady, 'How do you spend your time here?' and the answer was, 'Oh, we sit *here* till we are tired, then we sit *there*.' Another said, 'We smoke and eat and sleep, thread beads, and do our hair.'

The poor women in India are not shut up, but they are treated very cruelly. The poor widows are just as miserable as the rich ones, and just as much despised and persecuted. The poor women do all the hardest work; they draw water, carry bricks, cut grass for the animals, work hard in the fields, carry very heavy loads on their heads, and are roughly treated by the men, who say that a cow is worth much more than a woman. If a man and his wife go on a journey, the man walks in front with nothing to carry, and the woman follows him, carrying whatever is wanted for both of them. How different this is from what the Bible tells us, that because a woman is not so strong as a man, she is to be treated with more honour (1 Pet. iii. 7).

Although the poor women mix with men, they are very shy of Europeans. If a group of men and women are talking together, and they see an English gentleman coming, the women all turn their faces away till he is gone past. This is a pity, because if they were not so shy of English people, they might often hear the missionaries preaching out of doors, but they generally miss that, except that sometimes they hang about the edges of a crowd and hear a little bit; but if they do not understand, they never think of going up to the missionary to ask what he meant.

I shall tell you later on what is being done to help these poor women, but now you had better go and find your mother and give her that kiss, and ask her to give you sixpence to put in the missionary box, to show how glad she is God let her be an English lady instead of a Hindu; and if you have sixpence of your own, you might put that in as well, to show that *you* are glad too.

CHAPTER VI.

SICKNESS AND DEATH.

HERE are a good many gentlemen doctors in India, both English and Indian, so when the men are ill they get taken very great care of. Their wives will do everything they possibly can to make them better and to nurse them well, even if they do not love them at all; because they are so afraid of being widows, that they do their very best to prevent it.

But it is very terrible when a little girl or lady is ill in a zenana. When you have a very bad headache, you like to go away into a quiet room and lie down, and everybody is kind to you and tries not to make a noise, for fear it will make the pain worse; and if you are really ill, then the doctor comes to see you, and every one in the house is thinking about you and waiting on you, and your father and mother are so sorry, and somebody stays in your room nearly all day and all night too to wait on you, and everything that is possible is done to make you well again.

Next time you are ill I hope you will not grumble about it, and fret and be cross, but thank God that He has given you friends who take care of you, and so many many things to make your illness easier to bear. For when Hindu children are ill it is quite different. The room is hot and close, with no windows open to let in the fresh air; there are no soft pillows to lay their heads on; sometimes there is one very hard one, but much oftener none at all. If the door is shut, the

heat and the bad smells will be worse than ever; and if it is open, then all the noise will come in, and such a noise! Women quarrelling or chattering, children playing and crying, hens cackling and dogs barking, and nobody thinks of being quiet because a little girl is ill.

However bad the illness may be, no doctor is sent for. If it is a very high-caste little girl or lady, a doctor may stand outside a curtain and talk to her without seeing her. You know, when you are ill and a doctor comes to you, one of the first things he says to you is, 'Let me look at your tongue.' A doctor was once called to visit a high-caste Indian lady, and when he wanted to see her tongue, her friends cut a little hole in the curtain, big enough for her to put her tongue through, so that the doctor could see it without seeing her, and then another hole was cut, large enough for her hand to come through, so that he might feel her pulse.

When anybody is ill, the Hindus say it is because an evil spirit has got inside them, and there is a set of old women who are supposed to be very clever in driving out these evil spirits, so they are sent for instead of doctors. They either make no difference at all to the sick person, or else make her much worse by exciting her; but whichever it is, they are well paid for it, and these women are generally the only kind of doctors the ladies get. Any Hindu lady would much rather die than see a real doctor.

There was one lady—you would call her a girl, for she was only sixteen—who was very ill indeed; her friends thought she was going to die, and they did not want to lose her if they could help it; so when they had tried everything else, they sent for an English doctor who lived near them, and asked him if he would tell them what to do. She had something very bad the matter with her throat, so when the doctor heard about her, he said, as any wise doctor would that he could not say what ought to be done to her, unless they would let him see her throat. How to do this was a question that puzzled the girl's friends very much, but at last they said the doctor might come. When it was time for his visit, they went to

the girl, covered her up very tightly indeed, and wrapped a cloth all over her face in such a way as to hide it all except just her mouth, which they held open, and then they brought the doctor in and told him he might look down. Now I told you this lady was very ill indeed, and, you know, sometimes when people have a very bad illness they do not know what they are doing; and I expect that is how it was with this girl, for, finding herself all tied up in this funny way, she knocked the cloth off and the doctor saw her face. I do not know what would have happened to her if she had got well,—something very dreadful, I expect,—but she died in the night, and her father said he was so very glad she was dead, for if she had lived she would have been a disgrace to the family.

The laws about doctors are not like this in all parts of India. In Bombay they are not quite so strict, and in Madras a doctor may see a Hindu lady, but not a Mohammedan. In the Punjab they are beginning to let doctors see Hindu ladies if they are very ill indeed. In the west and south of India the ladies are not shut up so closely as in other parts.

The wives and daughters of the tradespeople are treated much the same as those of the richer men, only generally the higher the caste, the more strictly they are kept.

It is considered very unfortunate to die in a bed; death must always take place on the floor. If the Ganges is anywhere near, many people take their friends there to die. After death all bodies are burnt instead of being buried.

With poor people and little children this is thought too much trouble, so their friends just light a wisp of straw and blacken their faces with it, and then throw them into the Ganges, where they are soon eaten by the crocodiles.

But, whether their bodies are burned or thrown into the river, we want to know what they think becomes of their souls, and this is what they say :—

After the body has been burned the parts all join together

again, and go through a river of mire and blood—not at all a nice journey—but if the friends of the dead man give a cow to the Brahmins, it will be made much easier for him. When he gets to the other side of the river he must walk over ground like fiery hot copper, and if a pair of shoes is given for him it will be more pleasant. His next halt will be in a place full of spikes, and the greatest favour his friends can do him there is to give him a bedstead, so that he need not lie on the spikes; the shoes and the bedstead are both given to the Brahmins.

Then comes the judgment, when all the good deeds and all the bad ones committed by the dead man are added up. If there are more bad deeds than good ones, he will have to be born again at once in a low animal; but if there are more good than bad, he goes to heaven for a little while, and then comes back to be born again into something else. So you see there is no end to their misery even in heaven; the best they can hope for is a little rest before they begin again.

At some funerals a small model of an ox made of clay is thrown into the fire, and it is believed that the soul can take hold of the tail and rise up to heaven in the smoke.

CHAPTER VII.

WIDOWS.

IT is very sad and very strange to think of child-wives and child-mothers, but it is stranger and sadder still to think of child-widows, yet there are very many of them. There are more than twenty million widows in India. The reasons why there are so many are these :—

No Hindu child or woman who is once left a widow may ever have another husband; the girls are married when they are so very young that their husbands are most likely to die before them. As no widows may marry again, the wives are all little children; but as the men may marry as many times as they like, they may marry at any age, and so live only a few years after the wedding.

Almost every boy or man that dies in India leaves a widow, and the Kuleen Brahmins when they die leave a great many widows each, and none of them may ever marry again.

But there are some widows in England, you will say, and they are not all so miserable as the widows in India seem to be, even if they do not marry again. Why should it be such a dreadful thing in India to be a widow?

The chief reason is that the Hindus believe—and the women themselves are all taught to believe it too—that if a man dies it is his wife's fault. They say that she must have done something very

wicked indeed in one of her other lives, before she was born the last time, and to punish her for those old sins the gods have taken away her husband. Thus it is a great disgrace to be a widow, and all widows are treated as if they had been very wicked. People may be just as cruel to them as they like,—and they generally are very cruel,—for they are told that it is very wicked to be kind to a widow, and that if they are, their own husbands will die; so, even if the other women in the house with a widow feel sorry for her, they are afraid to be kind to her, or even to let her know that they feel for her, lest they should become widows too.

Widows are despised and ill-treated all over India, but much more in some parts than in others. In the Punjab they are not so strict as in other parts.

I have read of one little girl who said that the first thing she could remember in her life was that she was not treated like other children, that nobody loved her, or played with her, or was kind to her, and she could not think why it was; but when she got to be a little older, she heard that she had been a widow ever since she was three years old. And when she asked how long she must be a widow, and how long everybody would go on being unkind to her, they told her it would be for always; for nobody would ever love her or care about her, because she must have been very very wicked, or else her husband would not have died, and if anybody was kind to such a wicked little girl as she was, they would be sure to be punished for it.

Years ago it used to be the law all over India that no widows must be allowed to live, they must all be killed; so when the husband's body was taken to the river to be burned, his wife was taken too, dressed in very fine clothes, with a great many jewels on, not shut up in her palky this time, but either walking or in an open carriage, so that every one could see her; and after the fire was lighted and the dead body placed on it, the living wife was laid by the side of her husband, covered over with dry wood, held down by

men, in case she should try to get up and run away, and then the two bodies, the dead one and the living one, were burned together.

If a Kuleen Brahmin died, the fire was made large enough to hold all his wives at the same time. This burning of widows was called suttee; but many years ago the Hindus were ordered by the English Government not to do it any more, and so this cruel practice has quite ceased.

How glad the widows must be, you will say, and how they must thank the English people for putting a stop to such a dreadful death! But no; instead of being glad they are very sorry, and instead of being grateful they think it very cruel that they should not be allowed to be burned, for they say it was nothing like so bad for them then as it is now. *Then* their pain only lasted a very little while, and everybody praised them, and said how brave they were, and both their own souls and their husbands' went to heaven; but *now* their misery lasts all their life, and there is no heaven for them afterwards, but their souls must go into some of the most dreadful animals.

Widows generally live longer than any other women in India. I hardly know why. They say themselves it is because they are so miserable, and miserable people live longer than happy ones. I dare-say it is partly because they have such very plain food, and partly because they are not shut up quite so closely as other women.

But what happens to widows now that there is no suttee? When it is known that the husband is dying, the hairdressers are sent for, sometimes only two or three, sometimes as many as six, and as soon as the man is dead these women run to the widow and tear off all her ornaments. Often this is done very roughly; the rings are torn out of her nose and her ears, sometimes tearing the flesh at the same time. If there are any ornaments plaited in with her hair, and this is often the case, they are torn out and the hair with them. If there are bracelets on her arms, instead of taking them off properly, some of the women hold her arm on the ground, and the others hammer with a stone till the metal of which the

bracelet is made breaks in two; and all this they do, not because they are cruel women, but because they think the gods will be pleased to see them treating a widow as cruelly as possible, and that they are the less likely to be widows themselves.

After the jewels have been taken away in this cruel way, she may never wear any again; they are all sold, and the money is used to buy her food and clothes, very little of both, till she dies. She may never wear a pretty sarree either, but always a very coarse one without any border. Sometimes when a widow is quite a tiny girl, and has never left her father's house, her mother lets her wear a few jewels after her husband has been dead two or three years, for she says the child will never have anything else to make her happy, and she cannot bear to see her so shabby and untidy; but she is generally made to leave them off again when she comes to be a woman.

When the husband's body is taken to the river or tank to be burned, all his relatives go with it, generally walking, even if it is a very long way. The dead body is carried first, the men walk after, and then the women (if there are any ladies they are covered up, so that no one can see their faces), and last of all the widow, led by the hairdressers. There has to be a long space between her and the other women, for fear her shadow should fall on them and pollute them, or make them widows too. One hairdresser goes in front, and calls to the people to get out of the way, the others drag the widow.

When they get to the place where the body is to be burnt, the widow is sent into the water with a great push which knocks her down, and she must lie just as she falls till the body is burned. In some places, instead of this, she has to stand by the funeral pile while the body is burning, then some of the men stand in the river or tank and throw water on to the fire with their hands till it goes out; after this they give a pitcher of water to the widow, which she holds for a few minutes, and then drops it so as to break it, after which she is led away.

When this ceremony is over, the procession returns home. If

the widow has been in the water, she is not allowed to change her clothes, but must go as she is. Sometimes it will be a very long walk in the heat, bad enough for the men, but much worse for the widow, especially if she is a lady and has never been used to walking. The other women may stop and drink if they are thirsty, but the widow must not ask for water, and she may not take it for herself, unless she is told to, which she very seldom is.

When she gets home she has to sit or lie on the ground in the same clothes, wet or dry, that she has worn all day, and all the other women in the room say cruel things about her, especially her mother-in-law—what a wicked woman she must be; it was all her fault her husband died; what a pity it was he ever married her; and other things of the same sort. In some parts the widows have to keep on the clothes they wore at the funeral for a fortnight, day and night, without washing or doing their hair. Then they change their clothes, bathe, and have all their hair cut off: all the men are shaved, too, if it is a near relative, but only once; after that their hair may grow again.

Six weeks after her husband's death, the widow has to put on again the clothes she wore at the funeral, and then, if possible, go on a pilgrimage to the Ganges or to some other sacred place; after that she may throw them away.

For a year after her husband's death she may only eat once in twenty-four hours; indeed, in many parts of India a widow is only allowed one meal a day as long as she lives, especially if she is a Brahmin's widow, and she must fast very often too; in some places two whole days in every week, in others only two in each month, but always at festivals, when every one else is feasting. When she is fasting she may not drink even a drop of water (for Hindu fasts are *real* fasts), and you can see how hard that must be in such a hot country. She may never sleep in a bed, but always on the floor, and she must be the drudge of the house, scolded for all that is wrong, and praised for nothing that is right; every one may be just

as rude and cross and unkind to her as they like. Even her one meal a day she may not eat with the others, but must carry it away and eat it by herself after every one else has finished.

If she has any children of her own, she works for them while they are young, and when her sons marry she becomes a servant to their wives. If there are widows in a house there are no female servants, as it is thought quite fair that they should do all the work, although one of them may be the mother of the master of the house.

When they are ill, they are treated even worse than the other women. There was one widow who was ill at the time when her husband died; as soon as she became a widow she was thrown off her bed on to the floor. She had a very bad fever, and was very hot, as people in fevers generally are. Her mother-in-law, I suppose, had just a little pity for her, and thought she should like to do something to make her cool, so she called in some water-carriers, and told them to throw four large skins of water over her to make her cool, and then left her by herself, while all the rest went to the funeral; she died there all alone, with no one to care about her.

Another widow who had never loved her husband at all, for she had hardly ever seen him, and he was not at all kind to her, when she heard that he was dead threw herself off the roof of the house and killed herself, so that she should not have to live and be a widow.

The widows are very patient; they never grumble or complain of being treated so hardly; they think it is quite right. They believe they deserve all that they get, and even more; and they know nothing about a God who forgives sinners, and who does not give them what they deserve, because His own Son has borne their sins in His own body on the tree, and because He loves to comfort the sad and the humble who trust in Him.

How astonished the Hindus must be to hear of a religion that tells people to 'honour widows' (1 Timothy v. 3)!

PART III.

GODS AND FESTIVALS.

CHAPTER I.

THE DURJAH PUJAH.

THIS is the greatest feast-day of all amongst the Hindus, perhaps because Durjah is such a dreadful goddess that they are more afraid of her than of any of the others. She is worshipped all over India, but most of all in Bengal. It is said that Durjah is so very warlike, that not only men and women, but all the other gods and goddesses, are afraid of her. Even Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva have had to be very polite to her, for fear she should beat them. She has three eyes and ten arms. Her *pujah* is generally kept in October, but in some places in April. For three weeks before the real feast there are a great many very curious ceremonies to be gone through. One of them is that all the men who live near the Ganges go to it every day for a fortnight, stand in the river, and sow seeds in the water. This is supposed to be giving a present to their dead fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers for fourteen generations back. No women are allowed to take part in it. On the last day of the fortnight, besides the seeds, they present to their dead relatives rice, fruit, sweets, and clothes. They do not put all these

things into the river, but give them to the priests, who, of course, are very glad to have them. I should think they are very pleased when October comes.

On the first day of the feast, before beginning the real *pujah*, a new idol is made and put in the temple for the goddess, who is invited to come and live in it. The women are allowed to go to the temple at all hours of the day to tell their troubles and to ask for help. A great many presents are given to Durjah and her friends; the Brahmins get all the best of them, and the commoner ones are given to the men who make and paint the idols. Some people offer not only rice, and sweets, and clothes, but animals also.

There was once a king in India who killed at one Durjah festival no less than 65,535 animals. Some of the Brahmins do not mind eating animals that have been sacrificed, so the king had his put into boats, and sent away to some Brahmins that he thought would like them; but although some of them are very fond of eating, they could not possibly manage to eat fast enough to get rid of all these, so a great many had to be thrown away.

The second day is very much like the first, only more sacred, because on it Durjah is expected to come down from the Himalaya Mountains, and look at the presents that have been given to her. All through this day nearly all the people fast. At an appointed time in the afternoon all the men go away out of the temple, and the women come in; they take off their veils, and holding in each hand a plate of rosin, sit down on the floor in front of the goddess for half an hour or more, and ask her to bless their sons. The women who have no sons cry and pray, asking the goddess to let them have some. Some of them pierce holes in their bodies, and give the blood to Durjah.

On this day the women go to some living Brahmin ladies and worship them, in hopes that by doing this they will escape being widows. So you see these poor women not only worship false

gods and goddesses, but even sinful women like themselves, and fancy that one woman can keep another woman's husband from dying.

The goddess is not supposed to come into the image till midnight, after the people have spent the day in inviting her; so just before twelve o'clock there is a dead silence, when nobody speaks, and not a sound is to be heard. Exactly at the time a gun is fired off, to let the people know the goddess has come. Then the priests ask a blessing for the family, and very soon after another gun is fired, to show that it is time for more sacrifices.

On the third day the priests give the farewell gifts of the people to the goddess, for she is going to leave them to-day. They ask her to forgive the people if they are not doing everything they ought, and to give them her blessing; but they will not do this until they have had some money given to them, and if they do not think enough is given, they refuse to ask for the goddess's blessing until they have more. The Hindus are terrified at the thought of the goddess going away without leaving her blessing behind, so the people are obliged to give the Brahmins as much money as they want. A great many Hindus are beginning to see how silly all this is; but they keep on doing it all the same, because they are used to it, and to please the women, who are more fond of their heathen religion than the men, because they are so ignorant.

On the fourth day, after the goddess has gone back again to her home, the image is put in the river, or in a pond, with all the flowers. Everybody likes to have something for a keepsake of her, if it is only a leaf of one of the flowers that have been offered to her. They take it home and lay it up with much care. There is a great deal of crying amongst the women the day the image is thrown away; they have been enjoying themselves so much, and it is such a treat to them to be allowed the little extra

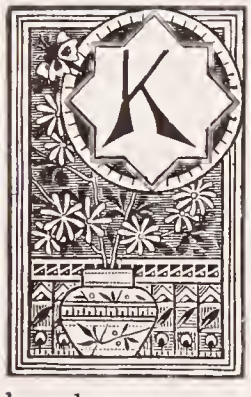
liberty they get at this time, that I do not wonder they are sorry when it comes to an end; but they say they are crying because the goddess has gone away and left them.

When the time comes for the image to be taken to the river, the streets are so crowded with people that it is quite difficult to get along them. The poor people simply go to the river, hire a boat and go out in it, and throw their idol in with a great deal of music and shouting; the rich carry theirs round the town first to show it off, and afterwards take it to the river—the men, not the women. When they return to their homes, they all go to the temple, and are sprinkled with holy water, and then take a drink made of hemp to drown their sorrow.

It is said that in Bengal alone ten million pounds are spent every year on this one festival. That is more than thirty-three times as much as all the missionary societies spend in a year on their work in India. Every one, from the richest to the poorest, must be dressed in new clothes; so you may fancy how many things have to be bought beforehand, and everything gets dearer and dearer as the time comes on. People save up all the year to have something to spend at the Durjah *pujah.*

CHAPTER II.

KALI.



ALI is the wife of Siva, and the special goddess of Calcutta. In the suburbs of that city there is a large temple called Kali Ghat; a great many people go there to worship. Some rich Hindus spend as much as five thousand pounds on a single visit to this temple for sacrifices and presents to the goddess. The priests get this in the end, so, of course, they do all they can to persuade people to give very handsome presents to Kali.

Kali is the goddess from whom all trouble is supposed to come, and that is the reason why she is worshipped so much more than any other god or goddess. Many Hindus pray to Kali every morning and evening.

Whenever a Hindu is in trouble he gives presents to Kali, and promises to give a great many more if only she will take away the sorrow. If there is nothing the matter, still she is worshipped, so that she may not be angry and do something cruel to the people. She is specially supposed to take care of thieves and robbers, so before they start on a stealing expedition, they always pray to her and ask her to help them to get on well.

Here is a picture of Kali; see what a dreadful-looking goddess she is. You will notice that she has four hands. In one she holds a kind of hatchet; in another the head of a giant whom she has just

killed; another she is stretching out to welcome those who come to worship her; and with the fourth she is blessing them. In her images these hands are all painted red, to imitate blood, while she herself is very dark blue—almost black. The long chain round her neck is made of forty skulls, and the girdle round her waist of the hands of giants.

You will see, too, that her tongue hangs down a long way out of her mouth, and that she is standing on the body of a man, or rather a god, for it is Siva, her own husband.

THE GODDESS KALI.

It is said that once Kali had a fight with a great giant, and conquered him. She was so pleased at this that she began to dance, and danced so hard that the world began to shake. This frightened all the other gods very much, for they thought the world was going to tumble down; so they asked Siva if he would go to his wife, and try to get her to stop dancing. Siva went; but when he got near to the place where Kali was, he was so frightened at her dreadful looks, at the number of men she had killed, who were all lying round her, and at the way the earth shook because of her dancing, that he fell down on the ground among the dead bodies.

I suppose Kali did not see him, for she went on dancing as hard as ever, and happened by chance to step on Siva's breast, and

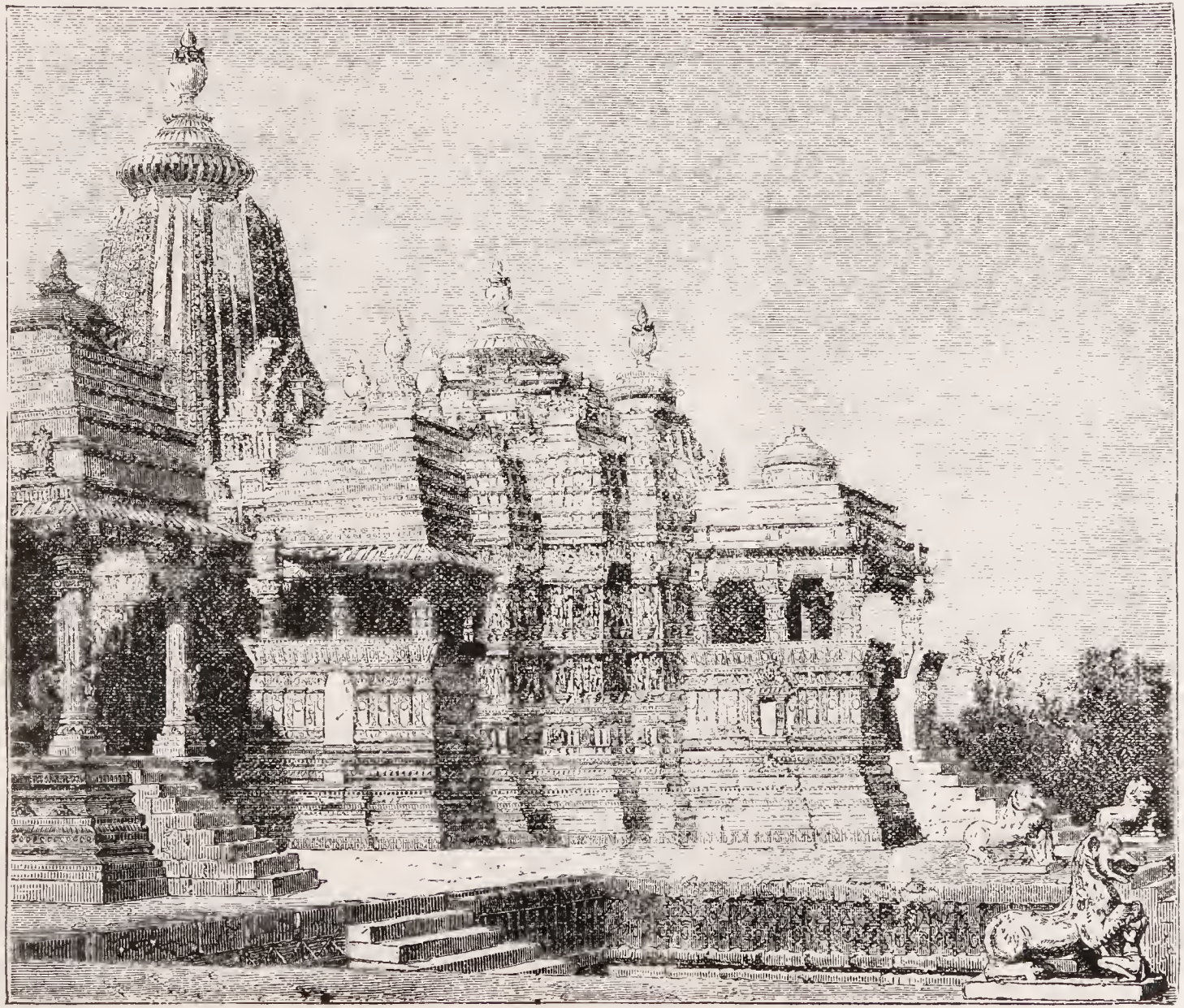
then his body moved. Kali looked down to see what live man there was left near her, and then she discovered she was trampling on her husband. This made her feel so ashamed of herself that she stopped dancing and put out her tongue (Hindus put out their tongues when they are very much shocked at anything), and that is the reason why, in her pictures and images, her tongue is always hanging down. Her images are as ugly and terrifying as they can possibly be made, so as to frighten the people, and make them worship her from fear.

For many days before the Kali *pujah* the women are very busy making curry and sweets, and the men have plenty to do; for the large court, which is to be found in every Hindu gentleman's house, has to be well cleaned and whitewashed and roofed with canvas, so that it may make a room large enough to hold all the people that want to gather together to worship.

New images of Kali are made every year in time for the *pujah*. First a skeleton is made of wood, then it is covered with straw and plastered with Ganges mud (if the Ganges is near enough), and last of all painted and put in the temple belonging to each large house.

The *pujah* itself takes place in the night. An immense quantity of sweets and fruit is offered to the goddess, and the people have plenty of feasting themselves. Although this *pujah* lasts only one night, there are as many animals offered in sacrifice as at the time of the Durjah *pujah*. The Brahmins do not refuse, at such seasons as these, to eat goats and sheep, after they have been offered in sacrifice to Kali or Durjah, though they would think it very wicked to eat them at any other time.

In the evening there is a great deal of music and dancing going on at the same time and in the same place where the priests are praying; it lasts all night; there is a great deal of drinking; almost everybody gets drunk, women as well as men. Indeed the Vedas, which the Hindus believe in as we do in the Bible, say that it is only when people have been drinking a great deal that they are able to worship properly. So this night, and at most of the other feast



TEMPLE OF KALI.

times, the houses are filled with drunken men and women. Can we wonder that the poor Hindus should be wicked people, when their 'holy books' teach them such things as these?

It is very sad, also, to learn that the Indian people so often see English people drink too much wine, or beer, or brandy, that they fancy our religion cannot be much better than theirs; and this is one reason why more of the Hindus do not listen to the missionaries.

All the night through the people are drinking and dancing, and singing and praying; and what do you think they are praying for? They are asking the goddess to come into the image, for the Hindus say they do not worship images, but the gods that are inside the images.

There is one thing that the children like very much in the Kali *pujah*, and that is that there are a great many fireworks. I have no doubt that they like the feasting, too.

At the end of the *pujah* a servant takes a large fan and a stick, and beats 'bad luck out, and good luck in.'

When the day comes, the priest thanks the goddess for having paid them a visit and blessed the house; and then he tells her she may go home now, and the image is thrown away; if it is anywhere near the Ganges, it is thrown in there.

How glad I am that our God does not come to pay us visits like this, and then leave us; but that whenever He comes to us He comes to stay, and that He is ready to make His home in the hearts of little children! Has He come to live in your heart? That is the kind of temple He likes to dwell in.

Perhaps you think your heart is not good enough for God to live in. But He will come in if you ask Him to, and if you really want Him; and when He comes in He will make your heart what He wants it to be, and will never leave it till He takes you to that place where He Himself is the temple, and where you shall reign with Him for ever and ever (Rev. xxi. 22).

CHAPTER III.

JUGGENNATH.

NOTHER god that is very much worshipped in India, especially in the South, is called Juggennath. The name means 'God of the world.' There are large numbers of temples built for his worship in South India, and some of them are very grand.

These temples of Juggennath may always be known by their having a large car outside of them. This is for the image to be put in on its festival day, when it goes for a drive round the town, and the people go in crowds before it and behind it, shouting and dancing and singing.

Until quite lately, many of the people in the crowd used to throw themselves down in the road in front of the car, and let it roll over them and break their bones, or even kill them; they thought this was a very good deed, and that they should be sure to go to heaven for it. The English Government has forbidden this now, as it has forbidden suttee, so the people are obliged to content themselves with taking hold of the car and dragging it through the streets.

There is a town in Orissa named Juggennath, which contains a very large temple of this god; it is one of the chief places that pilgrims go to. This is how the Hindus say it came to be built:—

There was once a king who wanted to build a new city; but he did not know where to have it, so he sent a very learned Brahmin to look out a good place for it. After he had looked a very long

time without finding one, he at last got to the sea-shore, and there he saw a crow diving into the water, which, when it had washed itself, worshipped the sea.

The Brahmin understood crow language, so he asked the bird

THE CAR OF JUGGENNATH.

to explain what it was doing, and the crow told him that if he would stay in that place a little while, he would get to understand all the wonders of that land.

The Brahmin sent word to the king of what had happened,

so the king built in the place where the crow had appeared a large city, and a temple in it; but he did not put any god in the temple.

One night, when he was asleep, he heard a voice which told him that on a certain day he was to look on the sea-shore, and he would see rising up out of the water a piece of wood, fifty-two inches long and about thirty broad, and that this would be the form of the god. He was to take this wood and hide it in his own house for seven days, and by that time it might have changed its shape; but, whatever shape it was at the end of the seven days, he was to put it in the temple and worship it. The dream all came true, and thousands of people worshipped the image, which performed many miracles.

Another story of Juggennath begins like this last one, but has a different ending. It says that the image that came up out of the water was a form of Vishnu, and that the architect of the gods made it into a fourfold image, to represent the greatest of all the gods, and that the idol was put on the ground, and the temple built over it afterwards. That first temple must have been destroyed, for the one standing in the city now was built in 1198 A.D.

CHAPTER IV.

OTHER FEASTS.

HERE are so many Hindu festivals that I could easily manage to write a whole book about them; but if I tell you of many more you will say I have not been true to what I said in the first chapter, that this was to be only a little book; so this must be the last chapter about gods and goddesses and *pujahs*.

There are two or three feasts that are very much better than the others; one is the Brother Festival, which is kept chiefly in Bengal, when the brothers of the family go round to see their sisters. Each sister blesses her brother and gives him a feast, getting in return his good wishes for her present and future happiness. The visit is paid in the morning, and in the afternoon the sister sends presents to her brother's house. This festival is specially good for a country like India, where, after the sisters are married, they hardly ever see their brothers.

Then there is the Son-in-law Festival, when the mother-in-law receives visits from those who have married her daughters. She gets a very grand feast for them, because she knows how much the happiness of her daughters depends upon their husbands, so she does her very best to please them. These visits cause great excitement in the zenanas, and are talked about for a very long time after.

Another festival is the Feast of Cakes, which is held just after

the harvest, and is kept chiefly by the middle and lower classes. They have games and feasting for three days, the feast consisting chiefly of cakes of as many different kinds as they can possibly manage to make; the people give presents to their relatives of clothes, sweets, and fruit.

You will see that these three feasts are quite different from the others, because there is no worshipping of false gods, and they do harm to nobody. But there is one other goddess that you will like to hear about, who is worshipped in a very funny way. She has rather a curious name, too—Saraswati, the goddess of learning. In her pictures she is sitting in a water-lily, playing on a lute; a much pleasanter person than Kali, is she not?

The festival is kept early in the spring, and everybody who goes to it is dressed in yellow. Sometimes her image is worshipped; but very often, instead of that, the people worship ink and paper, because learning comes from books, and books, the Hindus would say, come from Saraswati. Therefore she is always worshipped in schools, both by teachers and pupils. No Hindu reads or writes on this *pujah* day, if he can possibly help it, as that is considered disrespectful to the goddess, so there is generally a holiday in offices where the clerks are Hindus; if there is writing that must be done, red ink is used instead of black.

At the Saraswati *pujah* all inkstands are emptied and cleaned, and put before the goddess to be consecrated for the coming year. On this day there is a great deal of dancing, and romping, and drinking, and noise. As the women and girls are not taught to read and write, you will not be surprised to hear that they are not allowed to worship Saraswati, nor to take any part in the merry-making on her festival day.

There is a god of learning as well as a goddess, and I must tell you about him, because such a strange thing happened to him when he was a little boy. He went out to play one day, and managed somehow or other to lose his head. I have heard people say some-

times, when they were speaking of a very stupid or a very careless boy, 'He would lose his head if he could;' but you would think that a god would have more sense.

However, the little god—his name is Ganesa—lost his head, and, of course, his mother was in great trouble, and what do you think she did? I suppose gods can keep alive even if they have no heads, and that must be why this little boy did not die when he lost his; but then he would look very funny, and people would laugh when they came to worship him. So his mother looked about to see what could be done, and at last she found an elephant's head lying about, so she put it on her little boy, to take the place of his own; and here he is.

THE GOD GANESA.

There is only one more festival that I will tell you about. In some parts of India it is thought more of than any of the others. It is called the Holi Festival, and is kept in honour of Krishna (Krishna is supposed to be only another form of Vishnu, the preserver). It is kept by Mohammedans as well as Hindus; but the Hindus keep it as a religious feast, and the Mohammedans only as a holiday.

It had a singular beginning, according to the Hindus. They say that years ago there was a great giant, who used to interrupt

the gods and goddesses when they were at prayers (who do gods pray to, I wonder!). The gods did not like this at all; but the giant was so big, they were afraid to do anything to him. However, Krishna must have been braver than the rest, for he attacked him, and got on so well, that at last he killed him and made peace for the gods; so this feast was started in memory of his victory, and is kept every year like the other festivals.

The night before, an image of the giant is made and burnt; but there is no new image of Krishna made and afterwards thrown away, as is the case at most of the other yearly *pujahs;* but all the people and nearly all things are smeared with red powder.

This is a very wicked festival. The people seem to try and be as bad as possible. They learn beforehand all the wicked songs they can find, and sing and shout them in the street, and behave very rudely. This shows how wicked the gods must be, and what a very bad religion the Hindus have, since the wickedest days are always the days that are kept in honour of the gods, so that the more they worship, the more they sin.

With our religion it is quite the other way. The more we worship our God, the more we love Him; and the more we love Him, the more we hate sin, because He hates it. So if we want to be more holy, we must love God more. And the way to love Him is to know Him; and the way to know Him is to be with Him; and the way to be with Him is to be always going to Him in prayer. Go to Him when you are in trouble, and tell Him all about it, and ask Him to put it right. Go to Him when you are pleased, and tell Him all about that, and thank Him for it, for you owe to Him whatever it is that makes you glad. Go to Him when you are busy, and ask Him to help you with your work. Go to Him about everything, and you will soon find out what a wonderful Friend He is.

One very strange thing about the Hindu religion is, that the Hindus never seem to feel that they are sinners. We never read about their asking the gods to take away their sins or to make them

good. They do not seem to know that sin leads to death, and that they must die for their sins, unless somebody else will die for them. So we never read of their offering up animals as sacrifices. When they do offer sacrifices, it is only as presents to the gods, not so that the life of another shall be given as a ransom for their life.

Here, then, is another great difference between the Hindu religion and ours. We know that we are all sinners, and that our souls must die because of sin, unless another takes our place; so we go to God and tell Him that Jesus died instead of us, and that we have died in Jesus, and we ask Him to forgive us for the sake of what Jesus has done. And the sacrifice we bring Him is not flowers and fruit, not even sheep and cows, but our hearts and bodies for Him to dwell in, and our lives for Him to use. Will you find these three texts?

'My son, give Me thy heart.'

'Present your bodies a living sacrifice.'

'We live unto the Lord.'

PART IV.

OTHER RELIGIONS.

CHAPTER I.

THE MOHAMMEDANS.

THE religion professed by these people is quite different from Hinduism, though the Mohammedans in India have borrowed a few things from the Hindus, and so have mixed a little of the Hindu religion with their own. They have borrowed a great deal from the Jews also.

There are forty-seven million Mohammedans in India, and of these, half live in Bengal. They are not friendly with the Hindus; they will not send their children to the same schools, and they do not eat together. The Hindus will not eat with the Mohammedans, because Mohammedans eat a great many things which Hindus consider unclean, and so by eating with a Mohammedan, a Hindu would lose his caste.

A Mohammedan will not eat with a Christian, because Christians eat pork and hares and many other things which Mohammedans consider unclean; so, you see, Christians, Mohammedans, and Hindus must all eat separately.

The Mohammedans believe in only one God. The great article in their religion is, 'There is no God but one, and Mohammed is

His prophet.' They say that God made everything, that He can do everything, and see everything, and be everywhere at the same time; that He is merciful; that He never had a beginning, and never will have an ending.

That is all true, is it not? except about Mohammed; but this is only the first half of their teaching. The other half is that God has no Son; that Jesus was a good man and a prophet, but nothing more; and that when Mohammed was born in Arabia, five hundred and seventy years after Christ, he took the place of Jesus; and his book, the Koran, took the place of the New Testament.

They say, too, that Jesus was never crucified; but that God took Him up to heaven out of the way of the Jews, and another man was crucified instead, whom the Jews thought was Jesus, but who was not really; and that Jesus is coming back again some day to say that Mohammedanism is the true religion and all the others false, and then all people will become Mohammedans.

They believe that angels stand between God and man, worshipping God and taking care of man, besides praying for him. Then, a little lower than angels, they say there are good and evil spirits, who do not keep alive always like angels, but die like men; these spirits they divide into several sets, such as fairies, giants, and fates.

They believe in a Bible, too; but very different from ours. According to them, there were once a hundred and four sacred books; but they have all been lost except four: the Pentateuch (Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy); the Psalms; the Gospel; the Koran. Of these four, the Koran is the only one that is quite true, because the other three have had little bits taken out and little bits put in, since they were written, so that no one can be quite sure which parts are wrong and which are right.

There have been more than two hundred thousand prophets (so the Mohammedans say) and three hundred and thirteen apostles. Six of these apostles, Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Mohammed, were allowed to make new laws, and each set of new

ones did away with all that had been before—that is, Noah's laws did away with Adam's, and Abraham's did away with Noah's, and so on till the end of the list; so that Mohammed is the greatest, because he has made new laws to do instead of all those made by the other five.

Mohammedans believe in the resurrection and the judgment day, and they have very strange ideas of what is to happen to people's souls after they die; this is what they believe:—

An angel is in every man's grave waiting for him, and as soon as he is buried the angel tells him that two examiners are coming to him. They ask him whether he believes in God and in Mohammed; if he says yes, then they comfort him; but if he says no, they torment him.

The soul does not go to heaven till the resurrection day; where it does go depends upon how good it had been. If the man was very holy his soul will go to paradise, to be with the prophets; if not quite good enough for that, it will go into a green bird and live with the martyrs; if only a common sort of believer, it will either stay near the grave or with Adam in what is called the lowest heaven, or in a well, till the trumpet sounds on the resurrection day. The souls of those who do not believe in Mohammed have to bear terrible suffering all the time till the resurrection day.

When that day comes, all the dead bodies will rise, and their souls will go into them. Mohammed is to have his body first, and then the rest of the people will have theirs; and when they have got them they will all go to sleep till judgment has been passed upon them.

Then every one in turn has to walk over a tiny bridge, as fine as a hair; the good people get over it very nicely, but the wicked ones tumble off and fall into hell, which is underneath. If they are Mohammedans, they will come out again some day and go to heaven; but if not, they must stay there always.

The Mohammedans despise women as much as the Hindus do,

and say that most of the people in hell are women. They treat the women even more cruelly than the Hindus, and keep the ladies more closely shut up. A Mohammedan gentleman is not allowed to see the face of any lady besides his wife, his mother, his daughter, his sister, his aunt, and his niece. Nobody outside the house knows what is going on inside, nor how many women there are there. Sometimes they are murdered and buried inside the walls, and nobody outside hears a word about it. Whatever you have read about the dulness of the lives of the Hindu ladies is still more true of the Mohammedans. Mohammedans are allowed to have more than one wife, but not more than four, though Mohammed himself had fourteen.

The houses of Mohammedans are just as dirty and uncomfortable as Hindu houses, only there are no dogs about, for the Mohammedans believe that when a dog comes into a house all the good spirits fly away.

Even in heaven the men and women are not supposed to live together, but separately, spending their time in feasting and music.

Like the Hindus, the Mohammedans believe that their lives and all they do are settled for them by fate; so they are never afraid to go to war, for they say if their fate is that they shall be killed on a certain day, they *will* be killed on that day, whether they are in a battle or not; they are also taught that it is a very good thing to kill an unbeliever—that is, one who does not belong to their religion.

It is a rule with the Mohammedans that they shall all pray five times in every twenty-fours hours. When they pray they always turn their faces towards Mecca, the place in Arabia where Mohammed was born. All their prayers are in Arabic, a language which very few of them can understand; so they are just learned off by rote, and those who say them have no idea of the meaning of the words they use. If you were to ask them why they pray to a prophet instead of to God, they would tell you that they do not pray to Mohammed, but only ask him to pray to God for them.

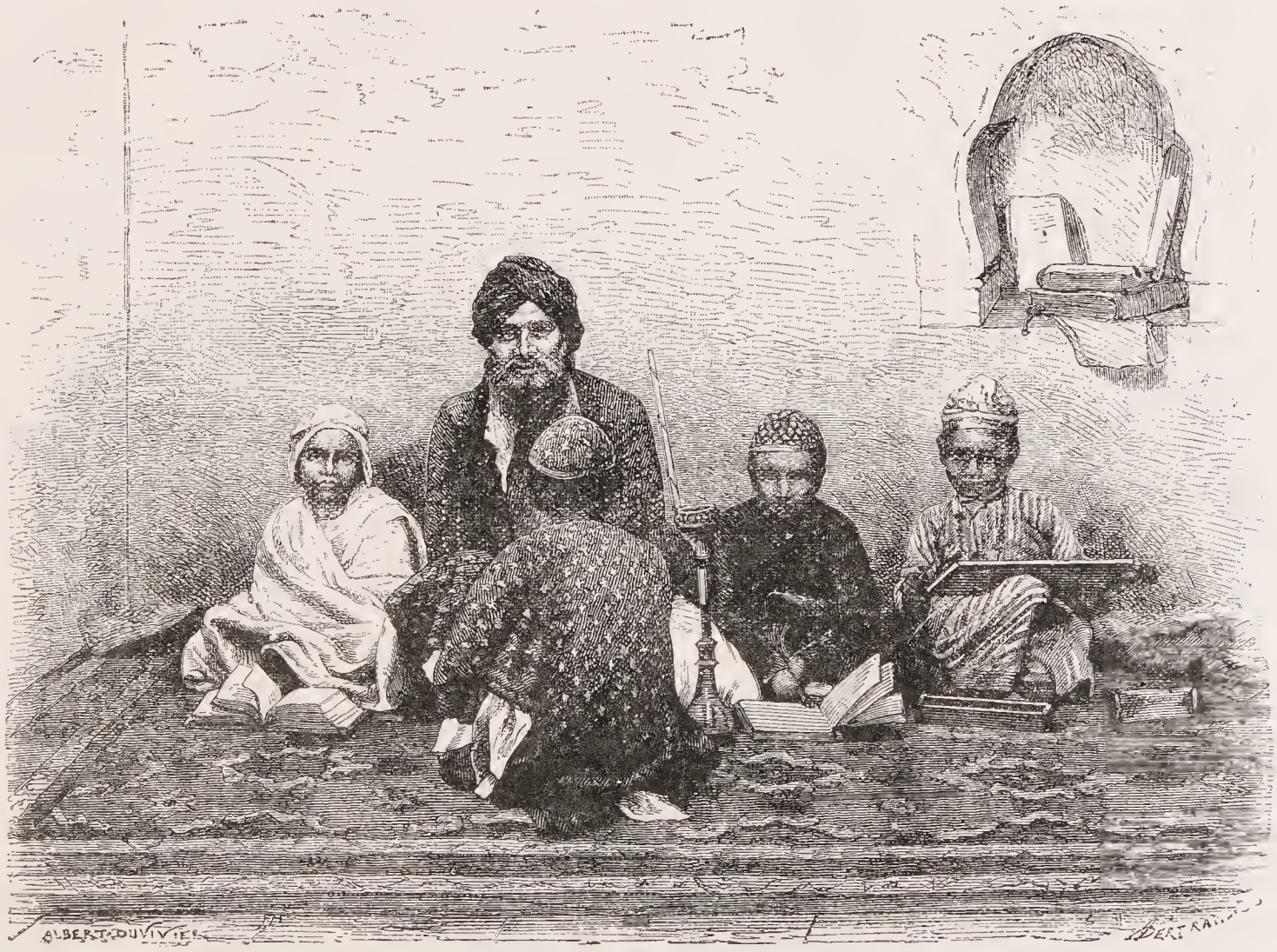
Of course, the children cannot understand Arabic, yet they are made to learn long pieces from the Koran in that language, page after page; and if they cannot remember it, and say it off quite properly, word for word, they are beaten. They begin to learn this repetition when they are six or seven years old.

They are taught to say their prayers, too, but not to pray, for they do not know what they are saying. Besides learning the words of their prayers, they have to learn a great deal about how they are to stand when they pray, how to clasp their hands, and throw themselves down on the ground, and count beads, saying a different name of God with every bead, instead of one, two, three. So every string has a hundred and one beads, for God, they say, has a hundred and one names.

The children are taught to turn to Mecca when they pray, and to stand on a small piece of carpet. Some very strict Mohammedans carry their prayer carpet about with them wherever they go, that they may always be ready to pray. If you went for a journey in a train in India, you would sometimes see the strict Mohammedans getting out at the stations on the way, not because they had reached their journey's end, but because it was time for them to pray. They spread their carpet on the platform, stand on it, and say their prayers while the train is waiting, and then go back to their carriages and go on with their journey.

Mohammedans always wash before they pray. (I don't know how they manage at the stations; they will have to be very quick if they do it there.) They pull their sleeves, if they have any, up to their elbows, and wash their hands and feet. In the middle of each of their temples, which they call mosques, there is a fountain with a ledge all round it, on which the men sit while they do their washing.

Mohammedans keep their Sabbath on Friday. By keeping the Sabbath, I mean to say that on Friday they go to a service in the mosques; but when they come out, they go back to their work,



A MOHAMMEDAN SCHOOL.

as if it were any other day of the week. The women are not allowed to go into the mosques at all, as the men say the place would be defiled if women went there.

Mohammedans keep a great many fasts, and for one whole month in the year they are not allowed either to eat, drink, or bathe between sunrise and sunset, unless they are ill. They are forbidden to drink wine, though I am sorry to say many do not keep this part of their law.

The law against sacred pictures and images is very strict. It is said that if anybody makes one, he will be asked, on the day of judgment, to put a soul into his image, and make it alive ; and when he says he cannot do it, he will be sent to hell for a little while as a punishment for having made it.

If a Mohammedan gives up his own religion for another, he is asked three times if he will not change his mind, and go back to his old faith ; and if he refuses to do this, he is killed, unless he can run away.

This is a strange religion, is it not ? What makes it so strange is, that there is so much that is true mixed up with so much that is false. The missionaries generally find it much more difficult to persuade a Mohammedan to give up his religion than to persuade a Hindu to give up his. A Hindu can soon see how silly it is to worship so many gods, and such bad ones ; but the Mohammedan religion is not silly, and is even partly true, and therefore harder to leave.

But in some parts of India the Mohammedans are quite ready to learn of the Christians, and even to let the English ladies visit their wives and daughters in the zenanas.

CHAPTER II.

A MOHAMMEDAN WEDDING.

IN some things a Mohammedan wedding is like a Hindu one. The husband and wife are generally both young; but often not so young as among the Hindus. A common age for the bridegroom is twenty, and for the bride sixteen; but sometimes both are much younger. As with the Hindus, they do not see each other till the wedding-day.

The first great ceremony is called the betrothal, when the bride and bridegroom are promised to each other. There is often a great deal of dressing and feasting on this day, and many things are done that you would think very silly indeed. It is not the bride and bridegroom who agree to belong to each other, but their friends settle it for them; yet, on the betrothal-day, the girl is sometimes asked over and over again whether she will have the man to be her husband. She always says yes; but sometimes she takes a long time about it, and makes the people ask her many times before she says whether she will or not, though they all know quite well, and so does she, that her will has nothing to do with it.

A little while after the betrothal comes the wedding, when the ceremonies are very different in different places. The ladies are always in their own rooms up-stairs in the bride's home, where they have feasting and music; and the bridegroom and his friends

feast in his home. All the ladies are very grandly dressed, and have a band of musicians, who play and sing, besides girls who come in and dance. Sometimes the bride will be in the same room with the other ladies, dressed more grandly than any of them, with her face powdered and painted, her hair done in tiny plaits, sometimes as many as fifty, and with jewels all over her. But in some houses, if you wanted to see the bride, you would find her, especially if she was only a little girl, dressed in her

A MOHAMMEDAN WEDDING.

every-day clothes, playing with her young friends, as if the wedding had nothing to do with her.

Often the ladies stay by themselves hour after hour, singing and eating and playing and listening to the music, till they get tired of waiting, and one by one they leave off talking and laughing, and lie down on the floor in all their finery, and go to sleep.

What are they waiting for? For the husband to come and be married. Nobody knows when he will come, only that it will be some time before morning; so they must be ready all the time till he does come. What parable does that remind you of?

By and by they hear the noise and the shouting and the commotion down-stairs, and they know that the bridegroom has arrived. Two chairs are placed in the middle of the room, for the bride and bridegroom to sit on, so that their faces shall turn towards Mecca; a servant comes up to see whether everything is ready, and then the ladies know the gentlemen will soon be coming, so they all cover up their faces; but they have two little holes in their veils for their eyes to peep through, so that they can see everything, but nobody can see them.

Down-stairs some very funny things happen. The bride's mother generally gives the bridegroom something to eat. Then, at some weddings, his right hand is tied up, so that he cannot use it, and a stick is given to him, and a bowl with some spices in it; he is told to crush the spices. Of course he would like to do it with his right hand, but that is tied up, so he must use his left, and he is sure to get on rather badly; all the while the women laugh at him for being so clumsy. What do you think this is for? To find out whether he is a good manager.

But now we will go back to the ladies' room, where the bridegroom is taken and put in one of the chairs, and the bride is seated in the other. Then two looking-glasses are brought; one is given to the bride, the other to the bridegroom, and they are told to look at each other in the glasses; this is the first time they have seen each other. Then a cloth is thrown over their heads, and while they are covered up, somebody (generally an old woman) reads to them out of the Koran, and then gives them a great many good wishes, after which the cloth is taken away.

If the bride has not dressed for the wedding she is taken away now, to have her fine clothes and jewels put on. It is very

funny, is it not? to dress her after the wedding instead of before. I wonder why they do it! Perhaps they are afraid her grand clothes and her paint and her jewels will make her look prettier than she really is, and that her husband will be disappointed when he sees her in her every-day clothes; so they let him see her at her worst before he sees her at her best.

The bridegroom and the gentlemen go away to prepare a procession, for the bride and bridegroom generally go all round the town at night. I daresay the bridegroom thinks it great fun; but the poor little bride is shut up in her palky, and can see nothing. I should think she goes to sleep, unless she is too uncomfortable.

Sometimes the procession round the town takes place before the bride and bridegroom have met; then the bride is not in the procession, but only the bridegroom and his friends.

After a Mohammedan lady has become a wife, she must be shut up always, even more closely than a Hindu wife, for there are no *pujahs* for her to go to, and she may not go inside a mosque, not even to sit in a gallery behind a screen, but must spend all her life in her prison-home.

CHAPTER III.

THE PARSEES.

HERE are several other religions in India, besides the Hindu and Mohammedan. I can only tell you a little about some of them; most of the people belong to the two of which you have heard already.

There are sixty-nine thousand Parsees in India, and of these, forty-four thousand live in Bombay. They used to live in Persia, but being driven out of their own country took refuge in India.

They are very different from the Hindus. Nearly all of them are very learned, and they teach the women as well as the men. Most of them can speak English, and as they do not believe in caste, they are saved from many of the miseries of the Hindus.

They worship no images, and believe there is only one God, and that He has no form nor shape; that He has made two worlds, one full of good spirits, and the other full of evil spirits, and that these two sets of spirits are always fighting to see which shall be master of the other.

Their great teacher was named Zoroaster; he lived twelve hundred years before Christ; so you see the Parsee religion is much older than the Mohammedan. This is what Zoroaster taught his disciples, and what the Parsees believe now :—

There is only one God, and He made heaven and earth, the

sun and the moon, stars, fire, water, and all things. He has no form, no face, and no particular place in which He lives. There is no other like Him. He has a thousand and one names; the chief of them is Hormazel—that is, the All-wise Spirit. In worshipping Him people ought always to look at some of the wonderful things He has made, such as the sun, the moon, water, or fire. God is very good, so we ought always to do what pleases Him, and to like whatever He does; to do good deeds, to speak good words, to think good thoughts, and to pray five times a day.

The Parsees expect that they will be judged four days after they die; they hope that they will go to heaven, but are afraid they will go to hell; and they believe in a day of resurrection. Some people say that the Parsees are fire-worshippers; but you will have seen already that this is a mistake: they do not worship fire; but they believe that fire is an emblem of God, and therefore keep it burning in their temples, and turn towards it when they pray.

The Parsee women are treated just as well as the men, and at the present time great attention is being paid to their education. They have caught a few of the bad habits of the Hindus, such as child-marriages and very expensive weddings; but they have begun to see the harm of both these customs, and are trying to do away with them. The men are only allowed to have one wife, and the women go into company with their husbands.

There is no fasting among the Parsees; but at all their religious festivals there is a great deal of feasting.

Their funerals are quite different to any you have read about before in this book, or perhaps anywhere else. They have built a great many stone towers in the part of India where they live (the west), called 'Towers of Silence.' After death, the body is first taken to the lowest floor of the house in which the dead person was born. There the priests pray for the soul that has left the body, and a dog is brought in to look at the body, which is afterwards wrapped in a sheet, laid on an iron bier, and carried to one of the

Towers of Silence. The friends follow it, all on foot, as no carriages are allowed at a Parsee funeral; the mourners are all dressed in white, and walk in pairs, each pair holding a white handkerchief between them.

The Tower of Silence is a round platform, with an open space in the middle for the dead body, and a ledge all round it. This ledge is always covered with vultures, waiting to eat the dead bodies that are brought to the tower. With the mourners there is always a man leading a dog.

When the procession gets within twenty yards of the tower it stops, and the man who is leading the dog takes it to the tower, and makes it look at the dead man's face, and then feeds it with some bread. The meaning of this is not quite known; but the Parsees suppose that there is a particular dog in the spirit world who takes care of the souls of dead people, and keeps the evil spirits from hurting them, especially on the fourth day after death, when they are judged; and most likely they think that if they take great notice of dogs, this special dog will be particularly kind to their friends.

Then the body is taken to the top of the tower, and left there to be eaten by the vultures, while the mourners go to their temple, and pray. The skeleton of the dead man is left on the tower for three or four weeks, and then put into a well in the tower. All the bodies that have been placed on a tower go into the well inside it, rich and poor together. The spirit of the dead man is supposed to hover about the tower for three days, till on the fourth day it is called away to judgment.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SANTALS.

NE reason why the Santals are very interesting is, that they were among the first people that ever lived in India, so far as we know; the aborigines, we say, or first inhabitants of the country.

Besides the Santals, there are the Koles; the Khonds, who live in the middle of India, and worship the worst of the Hindu gods; the Bheels; and a few other tribes, all supposed to be aborigines of India.

The Bheels used to give the English a great deal of trouble, because they are so fond of fighting. They were always getting up little wars; so, to keep them out of mischief, a great many of them were engaged as soldiers in the British army.

There are missionaries working amongst all these tribes, as well as among the Parsees; but I can only find room to tell you a little about one of them, so I have chosen the Santals.

They look something like negroes, as you will see from the picture; their skins are much darker than those of the other people of India. They do not often live in towns, but scattered about in villages of their own. Each village consists of only one long street, generally full of dogs, pigs, and children. In the centre of the street is a house for the headman of the village, and in front of this house is a mound of earth, on which stand a few rough stones, not cut

in any particular shape. In these stones are supposed to live the fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers of the villagers, and to them they offer sacrifices; so you see the Santals are very ignorant indeed.

They are very dirty people, too; very fond of dancing and singing, and terrible drunkards. Perhaps that is one reason why they are so dirty; when a man drinks, he very seldom has a clean house, even in England.

The chief thing that the Santals worship is what they call The Great Mountain. They say that the first man and woman were created by this mountain; that they were made quite pure and holy; but they began to drink, and so lost all their goodness and became wicked. They do not generally worship images.

You will be glad to hear that there are several missionaries working among the Santals, and that many have become Christians. But I am sorry to say that Santals, even when they become Christians, are not always very good ones, though they are much better than when they were heathen. They find it so very hard to give up drinking, when they have been used to it all their lives, and see all their friends drinking round them. Still, in one place where the missionaries had been teaching them, out of nearly eight hundred who became Christians, there were only two who began to drink again, so far as the missionary knew, and these two were punished by the rest as soon as it was found out that they had been drinking.

If there are many Christians in one village, they generally build a little chapel for themselves, and in this chapel the greatest scholar of the village has prayers every morning and evening, and all the other Christians go to them.

A gentleman said, a little while ago, that great numbers of the Santals would give up their religion, if only they might be Christians and go on being wicked; but they cannot bear to give up their old bad ways. So let us learn from them, that if we are Christians we had better be *thorough* Christians.

A GROUP OF SANTALS.

A few years ago I was talking to a little girl who had just come to Jesus, and given herself to Him to be His little friend. I asked her whether her sister was a Christian, and this is what she said :—

'I don't know; but, pleas'm, if she is, she isn't much of a one.'

I have never forgotten that answer, and I think I never shall. If we call ourselves Christians, do let us seek so to live that those who know us may never have to say they are not sure whether we belong to Jesus or not.

CHAPTER V.

SIKHS, FAKIRS, AND BRAHMOS.

HERE are about a million and a half of Sikhs, the followers of a man named Nanak, who lived about eight hundred years ago, and wanted to make a religion that would join together the Hindu and Mohammedan, and make them one; not a very easy thing to do, as the Mohammedans believe in only one God, and the Hindus in three hundred and thirty million. So, as you may imagine, he did not succeed; and now the Sikhs hate both the Mohammedans and the Hindus.

The law that Nanak gave them was to 'worship God, to be moral, and to live by the sword.' The Sikhs take more notice of the last command than of the other two, and seem to like nothing so well as fighting and killing people. They live chiefly in the Punjab.

Like the Hindus and Mohammedans, they say that men do everything by fate; they believe in transmigration, too. Every Sikh promises that he will never cut his hair; that he will wear a sword, a comb, and a knife; that he will repeat a portion of the Granth (the sacred book of the Sikhs, containing the laws of Nanak) every morning and evening, every time he eats, and when he begins his work.

A strict Sikh will not eat meat that has not been killed by

a Sikh, nor salute any one but a Sikh; he says he must always be at war with the enemies of his faith, and do all he can to establish his own religion. He is not allowed either to smoke or to gamble.

There are not so many Sikhs now as there used to be, and the number gets less every year. They have a great temple at Amritsar, called the Golden Temple.

There are also three millions of Fakirs in India. They have not exactly a religion of their own, for some of them belong to the Hindu religion and some to the Mohammedan. If they are Hindus they are generally Brahmins.

They do not have homes, but wander about from one place to another, either without any clothes at all or else in the poorest rags they can get, and with both their rags and their bodies as dirty as they can be. Sometimes they ornament themselves with human bones, and they think this is very good, and that they shall get a great reward for it.

They go on pilgrimages to holy places: if they are Hindus, to the Ganges or to some of the great temples; if they are Mohammedans, to Arabia, either to Mecca, where Mohammed was born, or to Medina, where he was buried.

Mohammedan Fakirs are not pleasant men to meet, for they think it is a very good thing to kill an 'unbeliever,' whenever they get the chance.

They do their best to imitate madmen, and succeed so well that often they end by going mad themselves. They try to think of the most dreadful things that they can do to themselves. Sometimes they sit for years together looking at a stone wall, and say they are trying to forget everything but God; sometimes they live in cages; and some of them clench their fists as tight as they can, and keep them so, till their nails grow through their hands, or they tie their hands and feet together, and roll thousands of miles instead of walking.

The Mohammedan Fakirs do more of this kind of thing than the

A HINDU FAKIR.

Hindu; and even little children are taught to give themselves up to such a life as this.

A Fakir never earns anything for himself; he lives only on what is given to him, and he may not ask for anything. They get more than enough, however, because the people think it is very good for them to have the opportunity of feeding such holy men.

Other people besides Fakirs have sometimes thought that the way to be holy is to live like beggars, and to spend every day in doing nothing but thinking about God, and hurting themselves; but I think being holy means being like Jesus, and He spent His time in doing people good, and in doing the work His Father gave Him to do. He has 'left us an example, that we should follow

His steps' (1 Pet. ii. 21); and the way to follow Him, if we are His friends, is to do all we can all day, and every day, to please our Father in heaven.

There is one more religion that I must tell you about; it is called Brahmoism. It is quite a new religion, and a very strange one, as you will believe, when I tell you that those who started it wanted to join together, not only the religions of the Hindus and Mohammedans, but also of the Sikhs, Buddhists, and Christians.

The reason this new religion came to be invented is one that we can easily understand. As the people of India began to mix with people from other countries, especially from England, and as they became more and more learned, they also came to see more and more the foolishness of their own religion, and to feel that they must have a better one; yet they did not want to be Christians, because they knew if they did they would be persecuted; so the only thing to do was either to have no religion at all, or to find a new one that would not be so silly as Hinduism.

So some clever men picked out all the sensible things in the Vedas, and left out all the foolish ones; they taught that there was only one God, that therefore there ought to be no worship of idols, and that religion meant being kind to everybody.

But while this satisfied some of the Hindus, others thought it was not good enough yet; so a large number left this religion and started another, teaching the same as the first set, but a great deal more besides, for they picked out all the best parts not only of the Vedas but also of the Koran and the Granth, and the sacred books of the Buddhists, and portions of the Bible as well. The leader of this division was Keshub Chunder Sen. He is still alive, so you see this is quite a new religion. It teaches that though there is only one God there are a great many prophets, and that of these Jesus is the chief; but that He is not a Saviour—only a teacher, and a pattern of what people ought to be.

Like the Hindus, the Brahmos are not taught that they are

sinners; so though they have many prayers, you would never hear them ask God to forgive them for anything. One very good thing, however, about the Brahmos is, that they say women ought to be treated with great care and respect, and made as much of as men; and they do not believe in caste.

By and by some of Keshub Chunder Sen's followers thought he was trying to make himself too great, so they determined to leave his party and form another. This third sect believes, like the second, that there is only one God, and that the sacred writings of all other religions ought to be read and respected. They say they honour all good and great men, of whatever religion they may be; that no sect ought to be made fun of or spoken against; that no flowers, spices, nor candles are to be used in religious services; that men should love God, and hate sin, and try to persuade every one to lead good lives; but that they will not have either Keshub Chunder Sen or anybody else to be their leader.

Already there are no less than a hundred and thirty different sects of Brahmos; but the number of Brahmos does not increase very much.

Some people think it is a very good thing that Brahmoism has been invented, because it helps to do away with caste, and makes it easier for people to give up their idols, and so prepares the way for their becoming Christians; but other people think it does a great deal of harm, by giving the people a religion which is sensible enough to satisfy them, but which will not save them, and that it only makes it less likely that they will become Christians, because they are not taught by it to feel their need of a Saviour.

But, whether it does good or harm, one thing is certain, that it gets on very slowly; indeed, some people say it is not getting on at all, and that before very long it will die out altogether. I do not think it is likely to satisfy those Hindus who are looking out for a true religion, for a religion that only tells people what it means to be good, and that they ought to be good, but which does not tell them how to get rid of all the old sins, nor how to live the life which it commands, will never satisfy anybody for very long.

PART V.

WORK AND WORKERS.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT IS A MISSIONARY?

HAT is a missionary? Why, a man that goes to preach the gospel to the heathen.

Yes, that is a missionary; and yet there are thousands of missionaries who never saw a heathen man or woman in their lives, and have never been out of England. Some of them preach, and some do not; some are clever men, and some have never learned to read; some are very old, but some are only little boys and girls. Perhaps some of the boys and girls who read this book are missionaries, though they never knew it before. But whether you have been missionaries or not, I hope you all will be; and that if you have not begun already, you will begin now.

For a missionary is just a messenger, and very little boys and girls can carry messages. You need not wait till you are big men and women; but you may begin to be missionaries now — God's little messengers.

What do we mean by a message? If you are sitting with your mother in one room, and your father is sitting in another room, and your mother wants to say something to your father, but is too busy to

go to him, what does she do? She tells you what she wants to say to your father, and then you go to the room where he is and say it for her; and if I were to meet you in the passage and ask you where you were going, you would say, 'I am going to take my father a message from my mother.' Isn't that it?

But then you could not take a message to some one else from your mother unless you had first been to your mother, and got the message from her, could you? And so, if you want to be God's messenger, you must go to God yourself and get the message, or else you will not know what to say, and then you cannot be a messenger.

The great message that God wants to send to every one is the message of peace and salvation. You will find both the message and the messengers mentioned in Isaiah lii. 7. The greatest Messenger of all was Jesus Himself, who came from heaven to earth on purpose to bring this message.

But although that was nearly 1900 years ago, most of the people in the world have never heard it yet. And why not? Because there are so few messengers that most people never get told before they die. And why are there so few? Because, of the people who do hear the message, so many do not care about it, or do not believe it is true, and so do not take the trouble to tell any one else. And there is one more reason, the very saddest of all, that some people hear the message, and believe it, and are very glad of it, and thank God for sending it, and then keep it to themselves, instead of telling it to those who have never heard it.

Let us find out what the message is, and then we shall be able to see whether we have heard it and believed it.

God's message to us is first of all that we are sinners, and therefore deserve to die (Rom. iii. 23, vi. 23); that 'Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners' (1 Tim. i. 15); that He did this by living for us a perfect life, without any sin (1 Pet. ii. 22); and then taking our sins as if they were His own (1 Pet. ii. 24), and bearing our punishment (Isa. liii. 5), and giving us His righteousness instead

of our sin (2 Cor. v. 21); that the way for us to be saved is to believe that what Jesus did He did for us, and that what He gave He gave for us (Acts xvi. 31, Gal. ii. 20), and to take it and thank Him for it (Rev. xxii. 17, 2 Cor. ix. 15); that Jesus did not die only to save us, but also to buy us for His own (1 Cor. vi. 20), that we might live for Him (2 Cor. v. 15), and that He wants to keep us from doing wrong, as well as to forgive us for what we *have* done wrong (Jude 24, 1 John i. 9), and to make us holy like Himself (1 Pet. ii. 21); that if we give ourselves to Him (Rom. vi. 13), and trust Him (2 Tim. i. 12), He will keep us always, till He takes us to be quite like Him (1 John iii. 2), and for ever with Him (1 Thess. iv. 17).

I am sure you have heard this message many many times: have you ever really believed it? Have you so felt your sin that you have longed to be saved from it? And have you so believed that you are a sinner, and that Jesus died for sinners, and therefore for you, that you have gone to Him and thanked Him for having borne the punishment of your sin instead of you? Have you ever taken Jesus for your own, and given yourself to Him for His own? And are you trusting Him to make you holy and to keep you from sinning?

If not, you cannot be a true earnest missionary, for you have not learned your message. God's messengers learn their messages in their hearts, and not only in their heads. So if you feel that you do not know this message at all, go to God and tell Him so, and ask Him to teach you. And if you feel you know part of it, but not all, then go to Him with the prayer, 'What I see not, teach Thou me.' God loves to teach those who want to learn.

If you have believed the message, then the next thing God wants you to do is to tell it to somebody else, and so to be a missionary.

And when you are not talking you can still be a missionary, by living for Jesus, doing everything you do *for Him*, so that when people watch you they may see a little what Jesus was like; that is one of the best ways of being a missionary—*doing* your messages as well as saying them. God will teach you how, if you ask Him.

CHAPTER II.

MISSIONARIES IN INDIA.

I WANT now to tell you about that class of missionaries who go away from their own country to take God's message to people who have never heard it before, and especially about those who go to India, how they are getting on, and what the people in India say to the message.

The first missionaries that we know much about went to India in 1706. They did not go from England, but from Denmark, and they went to the South of India, and missionaries have been working there ever since. You will expect to hear that by this time there are a great many native Christians, and so there are. But it takes a long time and many missionaries to persuade a great number of people to give up their false religion and take a new one; so even in South India there are still very many heathen, many more heathen than Christians, although there are more Christians there than in any other part of the country.

In other parts of India most of the Christians have at one time of their lives been heathen; but in the South there are many whose fathers and mothers were Christians, and who have never believed in the heathen gods.

Another good thing about the South of India is, that a great many of the ministers are natives, instead of being missionaries from other countries. There are some missionaries still there, but their work is to train teachers and ministers.

In one country in South India, called Tinnevelli, there are Christians from twenty-nine different castes. Of course, when they become Christians they give up their caste, and are all friendly with each other. You remember that one rule amongst the Hindus is, that nobody may eat with any one of a different caste from his own; so when a Christian goes to the Lord's table, where there are people of all castes and of no caste, he loses his own altogether and for ever.

In Tinnevelli there are not only large numbers of native ministers and teachers, but men and women are trained there to be missionaries to other parts of India. You can see that this is better than sending fresh missionaries from Europe, because these natives are used to the climate, and so do not get ill and have to go away to get strong again; and they understand the religion and the habits of the Hindus without having to learn all about them; and sometimes they know the language of the people they have to teach, though many of them learn another, so that they can talk to more people.

In South India, even the heathen people are quite willing to buy tracts and chapters of the Bible, to see what they are about; and they do not shut up the women so closely as the people in the North.

Perhaps you think it is very easy work now to be a missionary in the South of India, where there are so many Christians, and people are so ready to hear the Bible and read it; but, although there are some things which make it easy, there are other things which make it very difficult.

In the other parts of India, where, if a man becomes a Christian, he is generally terribly persecuted, nobody is likely to leave his own religion unless he really loves God, and loves Him so much that he would rather suffer a great deal, and even die, than go on worshipping idols.

But in the South, where the missionaries have been working so long, there is not so much persecution, and many people give up

worshipping idols, and go to Christian places of worship, and say they are Christians, when all the while they have never come to Jesus, have never given themselves to Him, and have no love for Him at all. Often they leave their own religion and call themselves Christians because they hope to gain something by it.

A missionary from Tinnevelli told me a little while ago, that once a man came to him and told him there was going to be a trial in the town where he lived, between himself and another man, and he had come to ask the missionary to take his part in the trial, and to promise that if he would, he and three hundred of his friends would become Christians, but if not they would remain heathen. Of course the missionary would not make such an agreement; but this story will show you how little some of the people in the South of India think of changing their religion, and that they fancy by just leaving off worshipping idols, being baptized, and going to a Christian church, they can make themselves Christians, without their hearts being changed. And you will not be surprised to hear that very often a man who has called himself a Christian will afterwards go back again to his sins and his idols, either because his friends persuade him, or because he thinks he shall get on better in business by being a heathen.

So it is often very hard work, and very sad work, to be a missionary in the South of India. The people become Christians by hundreds, instead of one at a time; but they do not always remain Christians, nor live such holy lives as those who are surrounded only by heathen, and who have to be every day showing their love to Jesus by bearing suffering for His sake.

What do missionaries have to do?

Suppose a missionary goes to a place where there are no Christians at all, no place of worship, no school, and all the people heathen, how can he teach them? He cannot talk to them, for they do not know his language, and he does not know theirs. First of all, he must get one of them to teach him a language, so that he can

talk to the people; and this will take him a long time, for Indian languages are not at all easy.

When he has learned enough to talk, he will begin to teach the people about God, not in a church, for there will not be one, but in the bazaar and in the street. People will be curious to know what he has to say to them, so they will listen, but generally will not think much about it afterwards. Some missionaries have had to preach year after year, some even till they have died, without one man coming to Jesus.

Then there is one very great difficulty which the first missionaries of a country have to meet, perhaps the greatest of all: they cannot read the Bible to the people, because it has never been written in their language. The missionary has to study very very hard, till he gets to know the language very well indeed, and then he sets to work to turn the Bible into the language he has learned. Think how hard that must be, and how many years it will take him! It has taken some missionaries nearly all their lives to do this.

But most of this work has been done for India now, and either the whole Bible, or parts of it, have been printed in forty different Indian languages and dialects. For that is another difficulty to missionaries in India. All the people do not speak the same language. There is Hindustani, Hindi, Punjabi, Bengali, Tamil, Persian, and a great many others. Sometimes a missionary will take a long time to learn a language, and then will find out that only half the people in the town where he lives can understand him, and he must learn a new language for the other half.

By and by, after the missionary has been teaching for a long time in a place, or perhaps several missionaries one after another, and a good many people have become Christians, he will build a church where they can have services; but still the missionary will have to keep on preaching in the bazaars, because very few people who are not Christians will come into the church, but they do not so much mind listening in the bazaar.

If a man or a boy is converted, unless his parents are Christians, he will have to bear a great deal of unkindness because of it, for the Hindus think it a terrible disgrace for any one to give up his religion, because by doing it he loses his caste. So a Christian boy is either turned out of his home, or treated so cruelly that he runs away. His own father or mother will not touch him or eat with him, and every one looks upon him as the disgrace of the family.

The relatives of a boy who has become a Christian say that he is mad, and try to lock him up like a lunatic. Sometimes a mother tells her son that unless he promises not to be a Christian she will kill herself, for she would much rather die than live to be the mother of a Christian.

Sometimes a Christian is so persuaded, and threatened, and ill-treated by his parents and friends, that he gives way to them at last, and promises to do as they tell him; but if he does he is sure to be very unhappy, feels that he has acted wickedly, and often ends by running away again to the missionaries.

And what becomes of those who run to the missionaries? Missionaries are not often rich men, and they cannot afford to keep all the boys whose parents turn them out. Sometimes the boys are sent to boarding-schools; sometimes they are taught a business by which they can earn money to keep themselves; sometimes they are trained to teach in the mission schools; and some of them, as you would expect, become missionaries themselves.

I know one English missionary who had so many Christian boys to look after, that he did not know what to do with them, so he opened a shop, and put some of the boys there to keep it. The Hindus were rather shy of buying things there at first; but by and by they found out that it was not at all like other shops, because in other shops, if a thing was worth sixpence, those who went to buy were told it was worth six times as much, and buyer and seller tried to cheat each other; but in this shop nobody was asked more for a thing than it was really worth so people soon began to buy their

things there, and it is known now by the name of 'The Shop of Truth.' A very good name, is it not?

Besides teaching in the towns where they live, the missionaries often take journeys, and preach in all the villages they come to; for while there are so few missionaries they are obliged to go where there are most people; so if it were not for the preaching journeys the people who live in the villages would never hear about Jesus at all.

Even now there are many villages where the people have never seen a white man, and many more which only get a visit from a missionary about once in ten years.

How many missionaries do you think there are altogether in India? Only between six and eight hundred; and there are two hundred and fifty millions of people. Is it any wonder that out of all these there are only four to five hundred thousand Christians? So that for every one who is a Christian there are more than six hundred who are not, and most of these have never heard of Jesus at all.

Still you must not suppose that these six or eight hundred are the only messengers that Jesus has in India. Altogether there are five thousand working for Him there. Of course, besides these there are many out of the four hundred thousand native Christians who are missionaries in their own houses.

Don't you think, out of all the thousands and thousands of Christians in England, there ought to be more than eight hundred (and all the eight hundred are not English people) ready to go and teach the poor Hindus? I wonder how many of you will go when you are big! I do hope some of you will, for every year the people get more ready to listen, and therefore every year there ought to be more people to talk to them.

And till you are old enough for that you can help to get the money to pay for the missionaries and teachers and Bible-readers and churches and chapels and books, for it takes a great sum of money; and yet all the missionary societies in India have only three hundred thousand pounds a year to do their work with.

CHAPTER III.

THE MISSION SCHOOLS.

NOTHER part of the missionaries' work is to teach the boys and girls in the schools. Sometimes they build a school before they build a church, for a Hindu will often let his children go to a mission school before he would think of going to a Christian church himself, especially if there is no Government school in the town where he lives; because the children are taught so much better, and learn so much more in the mission schools than in such schools as the one you read about in the beginning of this book. A missionary often begins by having a little school in his own house, till he gets boys enough and money enough to be able to build a school house.

You have seen that there are different kinds of schools in India for boys. There are the Native Infant Schools, the English Government Schools, and the Universities, so it is much easier in these days for boys in India to get a good education than it used to be.

But in the Government Schools and the Universities the boys are taught nothing about God. They may believe in the three hundred and thirty million gods of the Hindus, or in the one God and Mohammed His Prophet, or in the religion of the Parsees or Sikhs, or in no religion at all. They have no religious teaching of any kind at these schools.

But the missionaries believe, as Christians everywhere are

getting to believe more and more, that if we want to have Christian men and Christian women, the best way is to have Christian children; so the missionaries always have their own schools, in whatever place they live, where the children are taught every day about God and about Jesus.

There are about two million boys and girls at school in India; and out of these between seventy thousand and a hundred thousand belong to the mission schools.

There are no native schools for girls, and very few Government ones either; so if a little girl's parents want her to go to school they must send her to a missionary school, or to no school at all; so a Hindu little girl cannot learn to read or write without learning about God and about Jesus.

Some of the fathers and mothers do not like this; they send their children to school for a little while, and soon they find out that they are beginning to think not quite so much of their gods, and to ask questions about religion that the parents cannot answer, and then they get frightened, and sometimes take the children away from school. But when they find that their children are growing up dunces, and that they will not get such good husbands as those who have been to school, they change their minds again and send them back. For the Hindu gentlemen are beginning to find out how much nicer it is to have wives who can talk sensibly to them and read, than to have those who can do nothing but plait their hair and cook. There are now seventy thousand girls at school in India, and thousands of new ones go every year.

Still it is only quite lately that Hindu girls have been taught to read. When the mission schools were first opened only the lowest caste girls went to them; but then other people saw what a difference it made to them, how much more sensible and pleasant they were than the girls who were never taught anything, and the higher caste people wanted their children taught, too, only they would not let them go to the same schools with the lower caste girls, so the

missionaries had to open new schools. Now there are schools for high caste girls and schools for low caste girls, schools for Hindus and schools for Mohammedans, for they are not allowed to go to school together.

Then there was a difficulty about the teachers. When the parents found that the children must learn about God if they went to school, they agreed to that; but then they did not like their children to be taught only by Christians and by English people; so the missionaries had to find Hindu and Mohammedan teachers.

A WRITING LESSON.

Of course, in the girls' schools all the teachers are ladies; there is still nearly always an English lady at the head of a girls' school, and the Hindu and Mohammedan teachers are under her. In the South, where the native teachers are Christians, there is not always an English mistress.

Every morning all the schools open with a lesson from the New Testament: sometimes this lesson is given by the native teachers; but the English lady examines the children every now and then, to see that they are being taught right, and very often gives them a Bible lesson herself.

Little girls that go to the mission schools are taught reading, writing, and sewing, besides the Bible and hymns. They do not generally sit on chairs or forms, like English girls, but in rows, on

little mats, laid on the floor. In some schools they do have forms; but I expect the children like the floor best—they are used to it.

If you go to school, I am almost sure you have examinations. And I daresay you know what an inspector is. Well, in India they have examinations and inspectors, too, for girls as well as boys, and some of the scholars get on very well indeed. The inspector goes to the mission schools as well as to the others, and if the children do well the schools get money from the Government to help to keep them on, just as schools do in England.

Many of the children in these schools become Christians, sometimes while they are little, and sometimes when they get big. A lady from England went to a girls' school at Lucknow, in 1881, to see the children; they said a great many texts and hymns to her in English, and when she was going away she told them she should soon be coming back to England, and asked if they had any message they would like to send to the children here, and they said, 'Tell them we love Jesus.' That was a good message, was it not?

The school-girls in India like to get prizes—the things they like best are dolls, scrap-books, and bags to keep their work in; but the missionaries cannot find time to make these things for them. Then who can make them? Wait a little while, and I will tell, unless you can guess.

There are a few boarding-schools in India, too, both for girls and boys; but the children who go to them are either those who have Christian fathers and mothers, or those who have been turned away from their homes, or been obliged to run away. Going to a boarding-school means losing caste, because those who go to them are compelled to eat with Christians, and with people of different castes from their own; so no Hindu or Mohammedan would send his children to a boarding-school, unless he had himself become a Christian. I have read of some girls' boarding-schools in India where the scholars have little prayer-meetings of their own, all to themselves, without any teachers.

In nearly every mission school there is what is called a training class, where the elder Christian girls, who want to give up their lives to missionary work, are taught how to teach; they are trained somewhat in the same way as pupil teachers in our English schools. When they have finished learning, they go to help in other schools, and sometimes even have schools of their own.

The scholars who are not going to be teachers do not have many years at school, because they so soon have to leave to get married, especially the girls. Sometimes if a little girl is married when she is only six or eight years old, she is allowed to stay at school a little longer; but none of them, unless they are Christians, are allowed to stay after they are twelve or thirteen, which, you remember, is the age at which they go to their husbands' home.

There are three universities in India, and a great many books are being printed in the native languages—4500 every year—and in nearly all the schools the pupils are taught English, so that they can read English books too.

Still, you must not suppose that because the children of India are being thought of so much more than they used to be, they are as well off for schools and teaching as English children. In spite of all that has been done, there are still 25,000,000 children who are old enough to go to school, but are learning nothing at all, and cannot learn till there are schools for them to go to, and teachers to teach them, and money to pay for it all; so there is plenty to be done, is there not?

CHAPTER IV.

THE STORY OF ONE OF THEIR SCHOLARS.

HEN I had nearly finished writing the book you are now reading, a gentleman from India, who was once a Hindu, but is now a Christian, came to pay a visit at the house where I was staying. I thought that as he had been born in India, and had lived there all his life, and had been taught to worship the Hindu gods, and knew all about how the people lived, I had better finish my book as quickly as I could, and ask him to read it for me, and tell me whether what I had written was all quite true, so that even Hindu boys and girls could find nothing in it that was wrong. So he read it all through for me, and he says that what I have told you about his country and his people is all true.

And this story that I am going to tell you now is the story of what happened to this very gentleman when he was a boy; he has written, since he went away, to tell me all about it, and he says I may put it into this book for the boys and girls of England. I am sure you will all be very much obliged to him for letting you read his story.

In Dera Ismael Khan, a city on the River Indus, there lived a boy, who, at the time this story begins, was about thirteen years old. He was sent to one of the mission schools, where, besides learning all sorts of lessons, such as he would learn in any other

school, he was taught about the true God, and about His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ.

But though he read about the Christians' God, and was taught about Him, he did not believe in Him at all. He only despised Him, and thought his own heathen gods were right and all others wrong, and he only learned about the true God because he could not help it if he went to the mission school.

As he went on learning, however, he could not help thinking of what he read and heard, and before very long he found out that the Bible was full of wonderful things that he had never heard of before; especially he saw how much there was in it to comfort people when they were in trouble, and how very much better it was than the sacred books of the Hindus and Mohammedans, and what a difference there was between the God of the Christians and the gods of the Hindus.

So he kept reading and listening and thinking, and the more he thought the more he felt that the Christian religion must be right; and, of course, if Christianity was right, Hinduism must be wrong.

The head-master lived about a mile from the city, and by and by the boy began to look out for opportunities of going to have a talk with him, and whenever he could manage it he used to go to him with all the questions and difficulties that came into his mind, and the master would answer his questions and explain his difficulties. I expect that often when the boy was not there the master would kneel down and talk to God about him, and ask Him to give him wisdom to teach the boy right, and to lead him to the Lord Jesus.

Before there had been very many of these visits the boy had quite made up his mind that Christianity must be true, and that he must be a Christian, not only in his heart, but openly, so that every one should know it. He wanted very much to be baptized at once, and you know by this time how much that means to a Hindu boy.

If at any time during the day the boy thought of any new difficulties or questions which he wanted answered, he used to write them on a piece of paper, to keep till he could ask the master about them. One day it happened that, without his knowing it, he dropped one of these pieces of paper out of his pocket. His brother saw the paper lying on the floor, and picked it up and read it, and then read it to their father and mother.

The boy's parents were very much shocked and alarmed at what they found in the paper, because it showed so plainly that he had given up believing in his idols, and was inquiring about the Christian religion; so they went to the boy and talked to him about it. They did not scold him at first, nor threaten him; but they did what was much harder to bear, they went down on their knees before the boy, and with many many tears begged him not to think of such a thing as becoming a Christian, and not to go any more to the school.

But the boy had found such a Friend in his new God that he could not give Him up, even for the sake of his father and mother.

When the parents saw that they could not persuade their son to come back to his false gods, they next sent for some of the heathen teachers and Brahmins to come and talk to him, and see if they could persuade him to change his mind; but of course they could not, for you see God had already changed his heart, and the Brahmins and teachers could not alter that.

When the boy was first beginning to think that Hinduism was wrong, and to wish for something better, he went one very hot Sunday to see one of his Mohammedan teachers, and told him some of the things he had been thinking about. You can very easily guess what his teacher said. He told him it was quite true that Hinduism was all wrong, but then Christianity was wrong too, and the only right religion was Mohammedanism; so he tried to persuade him to give up Hinduism and become a Mohammedan. A short time after, this Mohammedan teacher took the boy with him to bathe in the Indus. After they had been swimming a little while, they got

into a dangerous place, where the water whirled round and round instead of running straight on. They tried for a long time to get out of this dangerous place, but in vain, and all the while numbers of people were watching them from the bank, yet no one offered to help them. After fighting with the water a long time, the teacher at last sank without a word, and the boy was left alone.

When the people on the bank saw that the man was drowned, and that there was no hope for the boy unless some one went to his help, a young man swam out and brought him to shore.

You may be sure the boy never forgot this terrible scene; and one day while he was thinking about it, and about how wonderful it was that the teacher was taken and he was left, he remembered a verse he had read in the Bible, 'Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea;' and when he thought of that, though it made him feel very sad about his teacher, yet at the same time it strengthened his faith in God and in Christ. After this he went more regularly to his Christian teacher, and even sometimes managed to slip away unnoticed and go to a Christian service, and listen to the hymns and prayers, and reading and preaching.

When his father saw that he could not be moved by tears and entreaties, he tried another plan. He got together a great number of jewels of gold and silver and precious stones, and showed them to the boy, promising that he should have them all if only he would not be a Christian; but the boy noticed that in all this collection the best jewel of all was missing, 'the Pearl of great price,' and he chose rather to keep that pearl, than to let it go and have all the rest.

And now, when the parents found that all their bribes and tears and love could not shake the boy's firm purpose to serve the true God, they became angry, and instead of promises they began to use threats. They tried beating him, to see if that would make any difference, but as it did not, the father tried to invent some more

cruel kind of punishment; but this he knew must be kept a secret from his mother, as she would not let her boy be treated so cruelly if she could help it, even though she did not mind his being beaten. So the father made up his mind that this new punishment must be in the night, when the mother was asleep; and far away from her, where she could not hear the boy's cries.

Therefore, the father gave orders one night that the boy and his elder brother should sleep in the room with him, and before they went to sleep he locked the door to keep out every one else. They all went to bed as usual; but at two o'clock in the morning the father got up and lighted a fire, and put some oil on it in a pot to boil. Then the father and brother together told the boy that if he did not promise not to be a Christian they would hang him; but as he would not do this, his father told his brother to hold him tight, so that he could not move, and then he took a cloth and wound it round the end of a stick and dipped it into the boiling oil, and rubbed it all over the boy's hands and feet, while his brother held him still. After this, his father took a big stick and beat the boy's elbows and knees, saying, while he did it, 'Now call on Christ to save you, and if He hears you, we will also believe on Him.' Do you remember something that was said to the Lord Jesus Himself by His enemies very much like this? (Matt. xxvii. 40–49).

And Christ did hear when the boy called upon Him; and though He did not save him in the way the father meant, yet the boy knew that his Saviour was with him, and he was comforted.

Then the father and brother left off beating him, and even began to soothe him, and to rub his sore limbs. They opened the door, too, and sent for the boy's mother. As soon as she saw her injured, suffering son, she took him in her arms and wept over him. It is the custom in India to embrace people, and kiss them and weep over them, when they are going to be separated from their relatives for a very long time; so when the mother did this, the boy said to himself,

'Ah, my mother, you may well weep, for I am going to be taken away from you.'

He began to think now how he could make his escape from his home. At first he thought he would jump off the top of the house and run away to the missionaries. The houses in India have flat roofs, and people walk about on them; but whenever the boy had an opportunity of going there his brother used to go with him, and besides that, it was so high up that he could not get down unless there was some one to help him.

Then he thought he would get up very early and go to the idol temple, and try to run away from there to the mission house; but when he said where he was going, his friends told him it was too early to go to the temple, so they made him stay at home; perhaps they guessed that this was only an excuse.

At last one night, when every one in the house was asleep, he did manage to get away; but he had to be so very quick and so very quiet that he could not wait even to put his clothes on, for fear some one should wake and find him out. It was a bitterly cold night in the month of February, and he had to run for more than a mile with his feet quite bare, and with nothing on except his shirt. Then he remembered that he must pass through the gates of the city before he could get to the mission house; and what would the porter say if he was asked to open the gate at that hour to let a boy go through in his night-shirt? Of course he would think he was a thief, and would take him back to the city.

You may imagine how glad he was, when he got to the gate, to find it was open; so he passed through without being seen. That was something like Peter, wasn't it? (Acts xii. 10).

When he got to the head-master's house he did not even have to knock and wait till the door was opened, for the master had forgotten to lock it when he went to bed the night before. I think God must have made him forget, don't you?

So the boy went straight in and woke the master. How

surprised he must have been to see the boy at such a time and in such a state! However, he knew it would not be safe to keep him there, so he took him to the mission house, and there the missionary's wife bound up his wounded feet and put him into a comfortable bed, and the poor boy was so tired and so glad he had got at last to somebody who would take care of him that he was very soon fast asleep. And what do you think happened at the boy's home when his relatives woke up and found he was gone?

First of all the crier was sent round the city; but nobody had seen the boy, and nobody knew where he was. Then they thought that perhaps the boy had run away to the master's house, so they went there, and searched all over the house and the school, and every place they could think of, even opening all the boxes to see if he was hiding in them. What a good thing it was the master had not kept him there!

When the boy woke in the morning, and told the missionary all about his escape, and how he wanted to be baptized, the missionary did not know what to say, for the law in India is that nobody shall change his religion without the consent of his parents, until he is old enough to choose for himself; and the age at which they are supposed to be old enough for this is eighteen, but this boy was only thirteen. So the missionary told the boy that, as he was so young, he had better not be baptized yet, but go home again to his father and mother and wait till he was eighteen. But the boy said, 'Suppose I should die before I am eighteen years old, who will answer to God for me?'

But perhaps you will say, 'The boy must have lost his caste by eating with the missionary, and the father might say he would not have him for his son after that.' The boy had thought of this himself, and he knew so well how people were despised who had lost their caste, that he could not make up his mind to lose his; and besides, he was not sure that he would not be made to go back to his father's house, and he knew it would be very dreadful for him

there if his caste was lost; so, although he was very hungry when he got to the missionary's house, he would not eat the food that was brought to him, and even went three whole days and nights with nothing to eat, till he should see how the matter was going to end.

When the missionary found that the boy had set his heart upon being baptized, he wrote to the magistrate, telling him all that had happened, and asking him whether the boy was free to have his own way or not, for he was afraid the father would go to law about it as soon as he found out where his boy was.

The magistrate's answer was, that unless the boy was eighteen years old he must not decide for himself, but must obey his father. Then the missionary asked another magistrate, and this one said that it did not matter whether the boy was eighteen years old or not; if he had sense enough to understand the difference between Hinduism and Christianity, he might choose between the two.

The missionary was very glad to hear this, for he felt quite sure that the boy could answer any questions that he might be asked, as to why he wanted to give up Hinduism and become a Christian. So on the third day after the boy's escape, the missionary sent to his father to tell him where he was, and at the same time he cut his sacred thread and threw it into the fire, and gave up Hinduism for ever; after that he would be able to have something to eat and drink. This sacred thread was tied round his neck at the time of his second birth, which you read about in the chapter on Caste; it is the mark of a twice-born Hindu, but is worn only by boys, never by girls.

As soon as ever it was known that the boy was in the mission house the people crowded round it, and said he must be given up at once. When the missionary had heard what they wanted, he said, 'I cannot let you all come into my house; but the boy's friends may come in and talk to him; and if they can persuade him to go back with them, of course he may go.'

So the father and mother and some other friends came in, and

begged very hard that the boy would go back with them ; but he said, ' I cannot deny what I feel to be true, and I am determined not to go back.' Then his friends said that they would go to the magistrates about it, and if that would not do they would go to the lieutenant-governor, and if that was not enough they would go to the viceroy, and if that failed they would send to Queen Victoria about it, for they were determined the boy should come back sooner or later.

The father engaged a clever lawyer to take his part in the trial, and for three days the boy had to go to the Court and argue with him while the magistrate listened. Then the magistrate himself examined the boy, while all his friends listened, that he might see whether he really understood what he was talking about ; and when he had heard all that everybody had to say, he declared that the boy was quite free to do what he thought was right. How glad he must have been, and how he must have thanked God for pleading his cause when there were so many pleading against him ! As soon as the trial was ended he went away with the missionary and was baptized.

Ten months after this he was sent to the Normal School of the Christian Vernacular Education Society, at Amritsar ; and when he had gone through all the classes there he was made master of a small school, belonging to the same society ; and while there he set to work to learn English by himself, so that he might be able to get a better post.

About two years after this he was made head-master of another mission school, about ninety miles from his own home ; and he might have gone on being a schoolmaster always, and have got a very good salary and a very high post ; but he had read in the Bible how God had told the Israelites that the first-fruits of the land were always to be given to Him, and he was the first-fruits of Dera Ismael Khan, the first in that place who had become a Christian ; so from the very beginning of his Christian life he had made up his mind that he must

give his life up altogether to the service of God; so he said he must not be a schoolmaster, but a missionary.

He thought that in England he could learn a great many things which would help to make him a good missionary, much better than he could in India; so while he was a schoolmaster he saved up his money till he had enough, and he came to England, and when this book was being written he was staying at the Church Missionary College in London, learning all the things that are needed to make him a good missionary.

And now that you have heard his story he has a favour to ask of you, and that is, that you will very often ask God to bless him, and help him to tell his own people all about his God and his Saviour, and that very many of them may 'turn to God from idols, to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven, even Jesus.'

CHAPTER V.

MOTHERS AT SCHOOL.

IF a little girl was only sent to school when she was eleven, and then had to leave when she was twelve, she would not know much, would she?

Or suppose a gentleman had not thought much about his wife learning to read when she was little, and then when she was twenty or thirty years old began to think he should like her better if she could read, or was ashamed of her because some little girl in his house knew how to read and she did not, what could be done then?

And what about all the thousands and millions of ladies shut up in the zenanas, who have never learned to read, and who have never been told about Jesus, because there has been no one to tell them?

All the missionaries in India might preach, and preach, and preach; but these poor ladies would never hear them. How can they ever get to hear?

That was what the missionaries' wives used to wonder year after year. Their husbands could preach to the men in the bazaars, and they themselves could talk to the poor women in the streets or at the baths; but nobody could talk to the ladies, because they were all shut up so closely. No English people knew what their rooms were like, or anything about them, except that they were in the

houses somewhere, where nobody could see them, and they could see nobody.

And yet Jesus had said, 'Preach the Gospel to every creature;' that is, tell the message to every one, women as well as men; and so these women must be told somehow. I am sure a great many missionaries' wives prayed to God about the zenanas, and asked Him to help them to get in and see the women; and after waiting and wishing and praying a long time, at last two of them did get in, about thirty years ago, in 1852. How glad they must have been, and yet how sad it must have made them, to see what they did see! so many ladies all crowded together, living such a miserable life, not one of them able to read or work, and all worshipping idols, and quite content with their religion, thinking it was the only right one.

However, these two ladies told other people what they had seen, and then other ladies began to think they might get inside some zenanas too; but most of the native gentlemen said no, they would not let Christian women see their wives and sisters and daughters.

Even when some of them were allowed to go in, the native ladies did not seem to care very much to hear about Jesus. They liked the Christian ladies to come, because it made such a pleasant change for them to have a visitor, and they liked to hear all about England and about what the world looked like; for they know so little, that once when an English lady took a picture book to a zenana, one of them found a picture of a tree, and wanted to know what that thing was, for though she was a grown-up lady she had never in her life seen a tree.

Whenever the lady missionaries were allowed to go into the zenanas, they began to teach the ladies there. They taught them to count and to read, and they liked that very much; it was like play to them, and it gave them something to do and something to talk about. Then they were taught to sew. Indian ladies are very fond of bright colours, so when the missionary ladies went to see them,

ZENANA WORK.

they used to take them a little bit of canvas, a few bright-coloured wools, a needle and a thimble, and teach them to do cross-stitch; and that is just what they do now; but it is often very hard work teaching them, and it needs a great deal of patience.

Some of them have to be told just where to put the needle in, and just where to pull it out, and then they think themselves very clever if they find they have made a stitch.

But whatever else a missionary lady does in a zenana, she never leaves it without reading some verses of the Bible and talking about Jesus.

The gentlemen very soon saw what a difference it made to their wives when they let the missionary ladies teach them, and they were not at all sorry to see that they were getting on with their reading, though they laughed very much at first, and said a Hindu lady would never learn to read. The old ladies were very much against it, too; they did not like such new ideas, and said if a lady learned to read she would be sure to be a widow before long.

The thing that the gentlemen did *not* like, was that their wives should be taught about the true God, and some of them tried hard to persuade the lady missionaries to give up teaching the Bible, and only to teach reading and needlework; but the ladies said no, if they must not teach the Bible they would teach nothing; and then sometimes the gentlemen would say, 'Very well, then, you must not come to my house again;' but, sometimes, when they found the Christian ladies were quite decided about this, they would let them come and teach what they liked. But even now it often happens that just as the missionary begins to see that some lady whom she is visiting is beginning to believe that our God is the only true God, and Jesus the only Saviour, she will be told by the master of the house that she must not come again, because he is so afraid of his wife becoming a Christian.

But you may be quite sure God does not let His servants work in vain. There was a great deal of patient teaching, very much watching and praying, and I expect a great many tears of disappointment too, because it all seemed to be doing no good, or at least not the kind of good the missionaries cared most about; but by and by the ladies began really to want to know more and more about Jesus, and then one here and another there came to Him, and believed in Him as her own Saviour; but then, what was to be done next?

I told you that after we have heard the message and believed it, we ought next to tell it to some one else, and that was a very hard thing for the Hindu and Mohammedan ladies to do. How did they know what their husbands would say? Perhaps they would kill them, or more likely still, turn them out of the house; and that is bad enough for a boy or a man, but how much worse for a girl or a lady who has never been in the street, and has never learned to be by herself, or to do things for herself; and if they had little children of their own, how could they go away and leave them, knowing that there would be no one to care for them, that they would be taught to look upon their own mothers with shame and contempt, and that they would be brought up always to worship idols?

Oh, it is a terribly hard thing for a Hindu lady to tell the message, or to say she believes it.

And then, when she does tell, her husband is sure, whatever else he does, to say that the English lady must never come again; and how can the young Christians—I mean those who have only just been 'born again'—get on with nobody to help them, and with everybody against them?

So it happens that even now there are many zenana ladies who do not believe in their gods, and who do believe in Jesus, and yet have never told their husbands and friends, for fear of what would happen to them if they did. Next time you pray

about the zenana ladies, and I hope it will be soon, will you ask God to make those who do love Him very brave indeed, and to give them courage to tell their friends, whatever it may cost them ?

It happened in 1872, just twenty years after English ladies first got into the zenanas, that a young widow became a Christian. She wanted to be baptized, because Jesus had told her to be, and of course to do that she must get out of the zenana. She had no husband to whom she ought to tell what she wanted to do, so she thought, as she belonged to nobody, she ought to run away and go to the missionaries. She looked out for an opportunity, and as widows are often not kept quite so closely as other ladies, she managed it and got away. Of course it was very soon found out, and made a great stir. The gentlemen were so angry that they said they would have no more Christian ladies in their houses ; so all the zenanas in Calcutta and most of the other large towns in India were shut against them, and they were told they must never come again.

So the zenana work was all stopped, and the only thing the missionaries could do was to keep on praying that God would soon let them begin again, and that He would take great care of the ladies who had become Christians, and who had no one to teach them any more.

For six months no missionary lady was allowed to go into a zenana, and then the gentlemen repented, and said they might come back.

I expect they found their wives were not so nice, and I should not wonder if some of them (not the Christian ones, I hope) were so cross at losing their occupation and their visitors, that they made their husbands wish they had not sent the ladies away. And the Christian zenana ladies must have asked God very often to let their teachers come back ; and so He did.

After this more and more zenanas were opened to Christian

visitors, and more and more gentlemen asked them to go into their houses and teach their ladies.

Besides reading and sewing, the zenena ladies learn to sing hymns, and this pleases them very much; only before they begin to sing they shut all the doors and windows as closely as possible, for fear any of the men should hear them; not because they mind the men knowing that they are singing, but because they think it so dreadful for a man to hear a woman's voice unless he is in the room with her.

There are still many hundreds of houses into which Christian ladies are not allowed to go; by far the greater number are still closed against them, though every year there are more opened to them.

But one other thing the Hindus have found out, and that is, that the lady missionaries know how to take care of sick people, and to do them good; and they see how differently these ladies treat their patients from those dreadful women I told you about, who are called in to drive out the evil spirit.

So, often a gentleman who would never let a lady go into his house to teach, will ask her to come and doctor his wife if she is ill. And then the lady says, 'Yes, I shall be very glad to come, only if I do I shall tell her about Jesus;' and the gentleman generally says, 'Well, I don't even mind that, if you will make her well.'

Then a new idea came to the missionaries. Some English ladies must go to doctors' schools in England, and learn to be doctors and to cure sick people, and then go to India and be doctors to the ladies, who are not allowed to have gentlemen doctors. Several English ladies have done this, but not half enough. Some of them have gone to India (we call them medical missionaries), and have opened hospitals for women, where they can come to be nursed properly and taken care of when they are ill, and dispensaries, where they can go and see the lady doctor and get medicine, and houses where they can teach the native women to

be nurses, so that these natives may go to nurse ladies who would not be allowed to go to the hospital, nor to have European nurses, for fear of their losing caste.

The lady medical missionaries have all this to do, besides visiting the sick ladies in the zenanas; so they are kept very busy indeed, and there are so few of them that they cannot see anything like all the sick people who want to be seen. It takes a long time for an English lady to learn to be a doctor—four whole years—and costs a great deal of money too. That is one reason why there are not more lady medical missionaries; but there are several ladies in England now learning medicine, so that they can go to help the ladies in India, and I expect there will soon be very many more.

Like the other zenana visitors, the medical missionaries talk about Jesus to the people they visit, and to the people who visit them, and tell them how their souls may be cured as well as their bodies.

The zenana ladies are still very much afraid of telling any one when they become Christians; and we can hardly wonder when we remember how much they have to suffer.

Some Hindu gentlemen now do not so much mind their wives believing in Jesus, and giving up their idols, if only they will not be baptized, and so let every one know they are Christians; it is when a man or woman is baptized that they lose their caste. Still, some of the ladies love God so much that they are willing to do this for His sake, and if their husbands turn them out, they go to the missionaries.

Some of them are trained as Bible-women, and go into the streets and cottages to teach the poor women, and some become teachers in mission schools. Others spend a great deal of time in knitting and different kinds of needlework, and give the money they get for it to the missionary societies.

Sometimes it happens that both a husband and wife become

Christians, and each is afraid to tell the other. I have read of one husband who was a Christian, and was in such trouble because his wife was a heathen, and all the while his wife was a Christian too, and was always grieving because her husband was not. Each wanted to tell the other, and yet had not courage.

You remember I told you the wives make their husbands tell them stories. So one night this wife asked her husband for a story, and he thought, 'I will tell her about Jesus, and see what she thinks about Him, only I will not tell her His name.' So he told her the story of the Son of a great God, who was a God Himself, and who loved men so much, that He came down out of heaven and died for them, so that they might be saved; and that He rose again from the dead and went back to heaven. He told her a great deal more about Jesus, but without saying who it was.

He thought this would be quite a new story for his wife; but she had heard it all before from the English lady, and knew directly who he meant. You may imagine how glad she was to find that her husband knew it too, and before they went to sleep that night each knew that the other was a Christian.

But now do not forget that in all that great country, where there are about a hundred and twenty-three millions of women, there are only about one hundred and twenty lady missionaries; that is not one to a million.

A few girls are taught in the schools, a few ladies in the zenanas, a few villagers are visited by lady missionaries and Bible-women; but what is to become of all the rest? Ask God to tell you what *you* can do to help them.

CHAPTER VI.

THE QUEEN'S STORY.

OW I am going to tell you a story, a true story that I am sure you will like, for it is about our own Queen, whom we all love so much.

In India there are a great many kings and queens of small provinces, who rule their kingdoms under our own Queen, and my story is about one of these, the king (or Maharajah, as he is called in India) of a little state called Punnah.

Punnah is the city where this king lived, in the district called Bundelcund. The king had a wife, and I think he must have taken care of her and loved her, for when she was taken ill, instead of sending for silly women who could do her no good, or else just letting her die, he thought he should like to send for a proper doctor. But he could not let a man see his wife; that would never do. However, somebody told him that there was an English lady living at Lucknow, who was a doctor, and who might be able to cure his wife, so the Maharajah sent to ask her if she would come. Of course, she said she would; so she went to live with the Maharani (that is the name for a Maharajah's wife) for a few weeks, so that she could take care of her, and see that she was properly treated.

She asked God to take care of this Maharani, and to make her better; and God answered her prayers and made her quite

well. But, you know, if this lady loved God, she could not live for several weeks in the Maharani's house and not tell her about Jesus, who could cure her soul as well as her body. The Maharani had never heard about Jesus before, nor had any of the ladies in her court; but they liked to listen to the English lady when she told them about Him.

When the Maharani was quite well, and it was time for her doctor to go back to Lucknow, a message came to her that the Maharani wanted to say good-bye, and would like her to come and see her. When she got to the room, the Maharani sent away all her ladies, because she wanted to talk to her quite by herself. When they were alone, the Maharani said she wanted her visitor to promise her something; but she did not want to tell her what it was till after she had promised she would do it. Of course, she did not like to promise to do something that perhaps she could not do, or that it might not be right to do; so at last the Maharani told her what she wanted, and this was it :—

'You are going to England, and I want you to tell our Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the men and women in England, what the women in the zenanas of India suffer when they are sick. Will you promise to do this?' She told her she did not want her to send a message to the Queen, or even to write her a letter, but to go herself, and take the message straight from her, and then the Queen would think more of it.

You see this poor Maharani thought that because ladies are not shut up in England like they are in India, anybody might go and see the Queen whenever they liked. The English lady told her that it was not so easy as she seemed to think to get at the Queen in England and talk to her, because in England there is only one Queen, while in India there are so many little kings that they are not thought so much of, and any man can go to a king and ask him for what he wants. And besides, the lady told her that she did not know how the Queen could help, even if she could give

her the message, because the Queen could not make lady-doctors, and could not send them to India if they did not want to go.

And this was the Maharani's answer. 'Did you not tell me our Queen was good and gracious, that she never heard of sorrow and suffering without sending a message to say how sorry she was, and trying to help? Did you not show me a picture of a train falling into the sea, where a bridge broke, and did you not tell me how grieved our Queen was? Well, it was very sad that those people should have been killed; but it is far worse to be as we are. If you will only tell our Queen what we Indian women suffer when we are sick, I am sure she will feel for us and try to help us.'

The missionary lady could not bear to disappoint the Maharani, when she saw how much she cared about it, so she told her she would try her best, and if she could possibly see the Queen and give her the message, she would. Then the Maharani got some paper and ink and a pen, and told her visitor she must write it down, in case she forgot; and she told her to write it very small, because she was going to put it in a locket, 'and you are to wear this locket always round your neck, till you see the Queen, and give it to her with your own hands.'

But before the English lady left the Maharani, she told her they must kneel down both together and ask God to help her to get to the Queen, because it would be so very difficult. She had often asked the Maharani before to let her pray with her, but she had always said no; but this time she said yes, and that showed more than ever how much she cared. When they rose from their knees, the Maharani said she could not understand how it was that the English lady had prayed as if she were talking to somebody in the room, but that she had not held any image in her hand, nor anything that she could talk to. So then the missionary told her how different her God was to heathen gods, and that she was quite sure that He had heard her; and so He

had, as we shall see when we get to the end of our story. As the lady said 'Good-bye,' the Maharani said to her, 'If you forget your promise, your God will judge you.'

When this lady got back to England, she told the story of the Maharani to a great many gentlemen and ladies, and by and by some of the ladies that live with the Queen heard about it, and then, of course, the Queen herself soon got to know, so although she was very busy (for you know the Queen has a great deal to do), she sent for the missionary to come and see her, and tell her all about the poor Indian women. It was exactly three months from the day that the English lady had prayed with the Maharani, the very same day and the very same time of the day, that she went to see the Queen. I think, if the Maharani knows that, she must think our God is the true one.

So the Queen got the locket (I wonder if she ever wears it!), and heard a great many stories about the Indian ladies, and was very sorry to hear that they were so miserable, and then she gave the lady a message to give to everybody that she talked to about India. This is her message—'We should wish it generally known that we sympathise with every effort made to relieve the suffering state of the women of India.' So you see our own Queen is thinking about the poor people in India, and I am sure she would be glad for all the little boys and girls in her country to do what they can to help them.

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

OW that you have read so much about the children and the poor ladies in India, I am sure you would like to know whether there is not something you can do to make them happier, and I am very glad to be able to tell you there are so many things you can do that I believe every one of you will be able to find three or four.

There is one thing that I hope you will do very often. When you pray to God and ask Him to bless you and all the people you love, you can think about the little boys and girls in India who have never been taught about God, and so cannot pray to Him for themselves; and you can ask Him to bless them too, and to let them soon be told all about Jesus and His love. And you can pray for all the gentlemen and ladies who have gone away from their own little boys and girls, and brothers and sisters, to tell the people in India about the God who loves them. Ask Him to teach them every day how to teach others, and to keep them strong and well, so that they may not have to leave off teaching and preaching. I am sure it would make all the missionaries very glad if they knew that the children in England were thinking about them and praying about them.

But then I am quite sure that if you pray very often about the people in India you will soon want to know if there is not something

else you can do for them, for I believe the more we pray about people, the more we love them, and, of course, the more we love them, the more we must want to do for them. So I will tell you some more things you can do.

I expect that all of you now and then have some pennies of your own, perhaps sometimes a sixpence or even a whole shilling. I wonder what you do with your money! Some children, I know, like to spend all their pennies in sweets; but I do not think that is a very good way of spending them, because the sweets only last a very little while, and then you are no better off than you were before you bought them, only you have lost your money. Toys are not *very* much better than sweets. They so soon get broken, or else you get tired of them.

But perhaps some of you will say, 'I never buy sweets, I think that is wasting money, and my father and mother buy me my toys, so I put my money into the bank, to keep till I get big.' Well, that is much wiser than wasting your money. But I wonder which bank you put your money in, because, you know, some banks are safe and some are not. Sometimes we hear of a bank breaking, and then all the money is lost. But I can tell you of a bank that will never break, even if all the other banks in the world did, and that is God's bank. How many shillings have you got in God's bank? Perhaps you did not know He had one.

When we put money into a bank, it really means that we lend it to the man that keeps the bank—the banker we call him—and he does just what he likes with it, only he promises always to let us have it back again when we want it; and besides that he gives us a little bit of extra money for letting him use ours; and there is a text in Proverbs, 'He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord.' Would not you like to lend some of your money to God? That would be putting it into His bank.

If Jesus were a poor man now, as He was 1800 years ago, and He were to come into the room where you were sitting, and say, 'Is

there any one here who will lend Me a shilling?' I expect, if you had any money of your own anywhere, you would run to your mother and say, 'Please, mother, may I lend Jesus one of my shillings? He wants one.'

And now, though Jesus is not poor any longer, He asks all the little people, as well as the big people, who love Him to lend Him their money, so that He may spend it in helping the people who have never heard about Him, and who need help so much. Now, how much of your money will you let Jesus have?

Do you not think it would be a good thing if you were to get a little box on purpose to keep God's money in? Shall I tell you what I think would be a very nice way to do, after you have got your box, or if you have one already? Whenever you get a penny of your own to do what you like with, put one half-penny into the box and keep the other; or if you get a shilling, put in sixpence; and so with everything you get, put in half. I will tell you two little secrets about this. First, I believe you will find that if you begin putting half of all your money into God's bank, you will find that you get a great many more pennies than you ever did before; and, Second, You will get more for the other half than you used to get for the two halves together; or else what you get will last twice as long, and that would come to the same thing, would it not? I cannot tell you how this happens; but if you look at our text in Proverbs again, you will find it says that God will pay us back again what we lend to Him, and perhaps this is partly how He does it; but He will do it in other ways besides.

If you do not think these secrets are quite true, just get the box and try for one year, and see if you do not get more money than in any year before, and get more good and more pleasure out of it too.

But perhaps you hardly ever have any pennies of your own, and are wishing you knew how to get some. I expect if you were to tell your mother what you wanted the money for, she would find out

some way in which you could earn a little. Perhaps she would find some little jobs that you could do for her every day, and that she would give you pennies for; or perhaps you might be able to think of something that she always buys for you, that if you tried you could manage to do without, and have the money instead.

I have often heard of little boys and girls whose mothers let them give up having sugar in their tea, and gave them threepence a week instead; and I have even heard of some who agreed to do without butter, so that they might have some money of their own to give to Jesus; and I expect your mother would say she could let you have sixpence a week for that; and then in a year you would get a whole sovereign, and six shillings besides, and I think you would like to give that money to Jesus much better than any that you could get in any other way, because you would have gone without something yourself, so that you could give it to Him.

I read a short time ago about a little girl who was very poor indeed, so poor that I expect she very seldom had either butter or sugar; but she loved Jesus very much, and she wanted to get some money to give to Him, so she thought and thought, and wondered how she could possibly get any, and at last she thought she would go round to all her neighhours and ask them to give her their potato-peelings. She used to go round and collect them every now and then, and sell them to a woman who had a pig, and who gave the little girl half-a-crown a year, and the half-crown was always given to the missionaries. I expect Jesus thought a great deal of that half-crown, for the little girl was just like the poor widow that Jesus was so pleased with; she gave God all the money she had, and I am sure she must have been a very happy little girl.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT GIRLS CAN DO.

OF course they can have boxes to keep God's money in, and missionary boxes too, just as much as boys, only if there are a great many brothers and sisters I think they had better have one box between them, or else one for the gentlemen missionaries and one for the ladies.

But now I want to tell you what you can do with the money in the other box. For there are a great many things the missionaries want besides money. Some of them they might make themselves if they had time; but it takes them all their time to preach, and teach in the schools, and talk to the people, in the zenanas and out of them, so that they have no time left for other things; and as you cannot do the preaching, the teaching, or the talking, I expect you would like to do what you can.

One thing they want very much is prizes to give to the little girls that get on well at school. The little girls in India are very fond of dollies, especially English dollies, particularly if their clothes are made so that they can be taken off and put on again; only you must not send them wax dollies, because in such a hot country they would very soon melt, and then think how sorry the poor little girls would be.

The dollies the missionary ladies like best to have sent to them are made of composition or china, about nine inches long.

If you are not quite big enough to make clothes for dolls, there is something you can do, even if you are only just learning to sew. You can make some little bags for the children and ladies to keep their work in, for they have no work-boxes. If you are rather big and rather clever, you might make some very nice-looking bags of silk, with flowers worked on them; but if you are not able to do that, you can make them quite plain; only, which-ever kind you do, put in your very best work, to show how nicely English girls can sew.

If a missionary goes to a house where there are a dozen ladies, who all want her to teach them to sew, and want to learn all at once, what a long time she would have to keep them waiting if she had to cut out twenty pieces of work, and to begin them all, to show the ladies how to do them! So the missionary ladies would be very much obliged to you if you would cut out some little square pieces of canvas, about as large as a small kettle-holder, and sew them round the edge, to keep them from fraying out, and then begin a little simple pattern in cross-stitch in one corner, so that a lady in India could go on with it. They like bright colours. For the more clever ladies you might begin more difficult patterns, flowers or birds, large enough to make up into cushions or bags; but, of course, you must send the pattern. Then, when you have begun the work, make a little bundle of wools, enough to finish it with, because you see the zenana ladies may not go to the shop to buy any more, and if they might they would not be able to match the colours; so put in a little too much of every colour, because they are sure to break a few threads while they are learning, and they may do some wrong and have to unpick it.

There is something else that perhaps you will like making better than anything I have told you yet, something the boys can make as well as the girls, and that is scrap-books. The ladies in India, as well as the little girls, are very fond of pictures,

especially English pictures. They like to know how English people dress, and what their houses and churches and towns and carriages are like, and what they do all day; and they can understand it all much better if they see it in pictures than if they only hear about it.

And when the missionary ladies go to talk to them and tell them stories out of the Bible, they are so glad if they can show them a scrap-book with some Bible pictures in it; it helps them to remember. So you may make as many scrap-books as you can, there will never be too many.

The best kind of scrap-books for India are such as you would make yourselves, of brown paper covered with glazed lining, pink or blue or green, with the pictures gummed over it. If you are going to put in large pictures, you need not put lining under them; but I daresay you will be able to find somebody who can show you how to make them.

Another very good way of making scrap-books is to get some old stiff post-cards, nine or twelve of them, as you like, cover each separately with glazed lining, and then sew them together by the edges of the lining, so that they will fold up like the screens for photographs or folding books of views that you have often seen, and then put little pictures all over, and ribbon strings to tie the screen up with, making the two outside cards look as much like covers as you can.

Pin-cushions, needle-books, work-cases, pen-wipers, and book-markers do nicely for prizes, too; the grown-up ladies like to get prizes as well as the little girls, so there are a great many wanted.

Another thing that the missionary ladies want very much indeed is nice illuminated texts to hang up in the zenanas. Of course, they must be in the native languages, or nobody will be able to read them. You can get copies of these texts for threepence each, printed on tracing paper, so that you copy them off on to your cardboard, from Miss H. Lloyd, secretary of the Church Zenana

Missionary Society, 16 Russell Terrace, Leamington. You need not be afraid of copying the same text too many times, there are so many ladies who will be glad to have one; but when you want a change you can get a new text, for I expect Miss Lloyd has a great many. The English of the text is written at the bottom (of course, you will not copy that), so that you may know the sense of what you are painting. When you have finished them send them to whichever society you are working for, and they will be given to the lady missionaries who go to India, to take with them; but be very careful how you send them, or they will be spoilt on the journey. The best way, I think, will be to keep them till you have some other things to send, and then put them in the middle of the parcel, where they will not get knocked about.

You can never tell how much good these texts may do. All the ladies in the room where there is one will read it many times every day, and if any of the gentlemen come into the room to see their wives they will read it too; and you know God very often speaks to people who do not care about Him through a few of His own words out of the Bible.

If you cannot find enough to do in all this, and if you can sew very neatly, you may make holland pinafores (not muslin ones), and children's underclothing; if these things are *very* nicely made the English ladies in India will buy them for their own little girls, and give the money to the missionaries. Indeed, you may make almost anything you like—woollen vests, children's frocks and petticoats, crewel-work, antimacassars, tea-cloths, night-dress cases, comb-bags, and toilet sets, worked with *white* braid—almost any kind of plain work or fancy work; and when you have got enough to make a parcel send it to one of the addresses on the list, and then anything that would be of use in India will be sent there, and the rest will be sold in England, and the money sent to India. Missionaries generally go to India in the autumn, and take parcels with them, so you should send them before September, if you want them to go soon. I wrote

the other day to a lady who sends a great many parcels to India, and a great deal of money too, and I asked her what kind of things I should tell you to make, and she said I should tell you to think what you can do best, and to do that, because whatever we do for Jesus ought to be our very best. If you have a great many young friends who would help you, you might even manage to join together and have a little sale of your own, at which your mammas, and aunties and cousins, and all their friends would do the buying, and you do first the making, and then the selling, and so send the money to the societies, instead of the work. I fancy they would like that way better, though you might still send to the societies the things that you want to go to India.

Then, whether you have a sale of your own or not, you might get all your young friends that live in the same town with you to meet together at a missionary working party once a month, or, if you could find time, once a week. You would be able to do your work all together, and while the rest were working, one might read aloud a book about missionaries. Any of the ladies whose names you will see in the list at the end of this book will tell you of the names of other little books or magazines; indeed, I should not very much wonder if, when they knew what you wanted them for, they were to make you a present of some. Perhaps that is a mistake of mine; but anyhow you might try and see.

I think I have told you enough to use a great deal of your money, and to keep you very busy too. But I am sure it will be very happy work, for it will all be work for God, and there are few things so pleasant as working for Him. If there are any of you who do not like sewing, I should not wonder at all if, when you begin to sew for God, you find that it is very nice after all, much nicer than you ever thought before.

Only do not forget—and this is the last thing I want to say to you, boys and girls too—that you cannot really work for God, even if you are working for the people in India, unless you belong to God.

If you want to be real servants of God, you must give yourselves to Him. I do not think He will care very much about having your money or your work unless He has *you*. It is your hearts that He wants first of all for His own, and then your fingers. And you can give yourselves to Him, even if you are quite small.

Do you think your heart is not good enough for God? He wants it all the same. He knows it is not good, and yet He asks for it. He wants to make it good by washing out all the sin in the precious blood of Jesus, and then coming Himself to live in it and keep it clean. Will you let Him do this for you? He only wants you to ask Him, and He will be so glad if you do, for He loves to make His home in the hearts of little children.

And then, if you are His now, spending your life for Him, doing His will and His work while you are young, seeking to please Him always, who knows if, when you get to be big men and women, He will let you go yourselves to help these poor men and women and children that you prayed for and worked for when you were little?

APPENDIX.

A LIST OF SOME OF
THE MISSIONARY SOCIETIES WORKING IN INDIA.

Name of Society.	*For Missionary Box or Collecting Cards send to*	*Send Money to*	*Send Parcels of Work to*
Children's Medical Missionary Society. (*Undenominational.*)	Miss Annie R. Butler, 47 Endell Street, London, W.C.	Miss Annie R. Butler.	Mrs. Tonge, Sparkbrook Vicarage, Birmingham (for selling in England or sending to India, but always say it is for the children in India).
Christian Vernacular Education Society for India. For training native schoolmasters to conduct schools in native languages; for keeping up such schools, and distributing Christian books in native languages by means of Colporteurs. (*Undenominational.*)	... ...	L. Gordon, Esq., 7 Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C.	
Edinburgh Medical Mission. Children's auxiliary for those under 18. (*Undenominational.*)	Rev. J. Lowe (or Mrs. Lowe), 56 George Square, Edinburgh.	Rev. J. Lowe.	Mrs. Lowe (either for selling at home or sending to India).
Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society. (*Undenominational.*)	The Secretary, 2 Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.	Hon. A. F. Kinnaird, 2 Adelphi Terrace.	The Secretary, 2 Adelphi Terrace (either for sale at home or sending to India).
Society for Promoting Female Education in the East. (*Undenominational.*)	Miss Webb, 267 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.	Miss Webb, 267 Vauxhall Bridge Road.	Miss Webb, Finsbury Pantechnicon, City Road, London, E. C. (for sending to India only).
Zenana and Medical Mission Home and Training School for Ladies. For teaching ladies to be doctors and missionaries. (*Undenominational.*)	... ...	W. Maurice Adams, Esq., 71 Vincent Square, Westminster, London, S.W.	
Church Missionary Society. (*Church of England.*)	Major-General G. Hutchinson, Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square, London, E.C.	Major-General G. Hutchinson.	
Church of England Zenana Missionary Society. (*Church of England.*)	Colonel Black, 9 Salisbury Square, London, E.C.	Mrs. Stuart, Roxeth Lodge, Harrow.	Miss Cockle, 9 Salisbury Square, London, E.C. (for selling at home or sending to India).
Foreign Missions Committee. (*English Presbyterian.*)	The Secretary, Offices of the Presbyterian Church, 7 East India Avenue, London, E.C.	Mr. J. Leggat, Offices of the Presbyterian Church of England, 7 East India Avenue, E.C.	

A LIST OF SOME OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETIES WORKING IN INDIA—*Continued.*

Name of Society.	*For Missionary Box or Collecting Cards send to*	*Send Money to*	*Send Parcels of Work to*
Women's Missionary Association of the Presbyterian Church of England. (*English Presbyterian.*)	... ...	Miss M. T. Hamilton, Upper Terrace House, Hampstead, London, N.	
Wesleyan Missionary Society. (*Wesleyan.*)	The Secretary, Wesleyan Mission House, Bishopsgate Street, London, E.C.	Rev. J. Kilner, Wesleyan Mission House, Bishopsgate Street, London, E.C.	
Ladies' Committee for Female Education. (*Wesleyan.*)	The Secretary, Wesleyan Mission House.	Mrs. Hall, 40 Holland Park, Kensington, London, W	Mrs. Wiseman, Wesleyan Mission House.
London Missionary Society. (*Congregational.*)	Rev. R. Robinson, London Mission House, Blomfield Street, London, E.C.	Rev. R. Robinson.	
Ladies' Committee. (*Congregational.*)	Miss Risdon Bennett, London Mission House (collecting books only).	Rev. R. Robinson (say 'For Female Mission Fund').	Miss Risdon Bennett, 22 Cavendish Square, London, W. (for selling in England or sending to India).
Baptist Missionary Society. (*Baptist.*)	A. H. Baynes, Esq., Baptist Mission House, Castle Street, Holborn, London, E.C.	A. H. Baynes, Esq.	
Baptist Zenana Missionary Society. (*Baptist.*)	Mrs. Angus, The College, Regent's Park, London.	Mrs. Angus.	Mrs. Angus (articles for sale at home preferred; sometimes sent to India).
Foreign Missions Committee. (*Established Church of Scotland.*)	J. T. Maclagan, Esq., C.A., 6 North St. David Street, Edinburgh.	T. B. Wilson, Esq., 22 Queen Street, Edinburgh.	
Scottish Ladies' Association for Advancement of Female Education in India. (*Established Church of Scotland.*)	... ...	H. R. Macrae, Esq., 57 Castle Street, Edinburgh.	Miss Sanders, 119 George Street, Edinburgh (for selling at home or sending to India).
Foreign Missions Board. (*United Presbyterian.*)	Rev. J. Buchanan, College Buildings, Castle Terrace, Edinburgh.	J. Slight, Esq., College Buildings.	
United Presbyterian Zenana Mission. (*United Presbyterian.*)	Rev. J. Buchanan.	J. Slight, Esq.	Rev. J. Buchanan (work for India preferred).
Committee for Foreign Missions. (*Free Church.*)	Dr. G. Smith, 15 North Bank Street, Edinburgh.	J. Macdonald, Esq.	
Ladies' Auxiliary Association. (*Free Church.*)	R. Young, Esq., Offices of the Free Church of Scotland, Edinburgh.	Dr. John Pringle, Offices of the Free Church.	Mr. Andrew Wyllie, Offices of the Free Church of Scotland, Edinburgh (for selling at home or sending to India).

With each parcel of work, send a written list of the things contained in it, and let all the things be marked with what you think is the fair price. Any parcels which contain things that you want to be sent to India, should go to the societies before September, as the missionaries generally leave for India at the beginning of the winter, and take the parcels with them. I believe all these societies publish magazines, telling of the work they are doing; some of them have Children's Associations in different towns, and others have Girls' Unions. Any of the ladies or gentlemen mentioned in this list will, I am sure, be glad to tell you anything you may want to know about their societies, if you will write and ask them.